



HUNTING SONG.

WRITTEN BY DR. SHERIDAN WHEN HE WAS ONLY TWELVE YEARS OLD.

Hark! hark! I think I hear the horn,
That echoes my long roars;
The dew drop twinkles on the thorn,
The stream in music flows.

Hark! hear! I hear black Betsy snort,
Impatient of the rein;
When Nature thus proclaims the sport,
Shall man cry out, it's vain?

For this she lent the gentle hart
The vivacious lightning's speed;
She taught the hare her mazy art,
And wing'd the generous steed.

Let songs then of human race,
The slaves of dusty saws,
Decried the pleasures of the chase,
The fruit of Nature's laws.

The chase supplied our ancient sire
With food and raiment too;
Till cur'd ambition fan'd her fires,
And bent the sounding yew.

Then Law stretch'd forth her awful toils,
And cunning laid her snares;
And Plunder glori'd in her spoils,
And fill'd the world with cares.

But Care does not as yet pursue
The hunter's bounding hoof;
And if she even takes a view,
That view must be aloof.

KING DICK.

A TALE OF ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
By C. L. BRIARMEAD.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Mart Springer, having been "strapped" in double quick time by a benevolent individual with whom he attempted to play old sledge, was around as a spectator, and so were one or two others; but the bystanders began to fall back, leaving King Dick sitting coolly before the table, Bob with his arms wound around Crawford, and the gambler making ineffectual attempts to draw a bowie-knife, the handle of which could just be discerned peeping from under his coat collar.

"You play a pretty good game, Crawford," slowly enunciated King Dick, "and you may know how to keep a hotel; but the next time you make the pass, just take notice whether or no your cards are counter-stocked. Four queens is a good hand, but four aces are better, especially when there's going to be kings against the queens. There's no use of splurging around, for you're in the wrong crowd for that, and I guess when 'Mark' wrote you, he told you that King Dick would be a hard case to shake down."

"How the — did you know anything about it? Who's been splitting to you? Who are you?" was the response.

"I guess Bob may as well let go, and you may as well put up that knife, and the whole of us take a drink. The blunt you've lost don't come out of your dummy, and the probability is that it's half quibsy, anyhow."

Bob let go, but took good care to throw himself out of immediate reach, and Crawford stood cogitating for a minute, then responded: "You're right. You are the best man, and there's no use of crying over cream the cat's eat," so let's take the drink, and the next time I undertake to pick up a greenhorn it will be done a little more carefully. I've got enough left to carry me on to New Orleans."

Though feeling sore over his defeat, Crawford nevertheless showed no signs of ill feeling towards his antagonist, but only a great curiosity as to the source of his advantages; and as in several encounters with the players whom he met, Dick invariably came off first best, there was a sort of admiring feeling planted in his breast before the boat reached its destination—the Crescent City.

It must be admitted that Dick was somewhat surprised to see Bob Sterner, and took the first opportunity, when they were alone together, to put him through his paces, and make him explain how it was that instead of being in the same boat with Florence Mayfield, he had got on board of this one. Bob's story was about identical with the account we have given; and King shook his head at the idea of putting a watch in a man's pocket, and then trying to arrest him for stealing. Moreover, it showed him rather plainly that the persons with whom he would have to deal were unscrupulous and hard to head. Prospects looked dubious, yet was he bent upon carrying out the business upon which he was travelling, and rescuing Florence Mayfield from the hands of those who had abducted her.

Concerning the run to New Orleans, it is scarcely necessary to speak. The three kept their own counsel, moved quietly about, and by dint of extraordinary exertion, Bob Sterner managed to spend four consecutive days in quiet, without ever once "throwing out his shoulders." Crawford, the gambler, and tool of our two friends' mysterious foe, made a pretty good thing of it by roping in a greenhorn, but deeming it advisable to make himself missing, went ashore at Vicksburg. It was scarcely two hours after they left that city, that Dick, with Bob and Mart Springer, walked up to the bar for a triplet of drinks. Throwing down a five dollar bill in payment, the bartender examined the note with rather a critical eye, remarking, in an under tone, as he shoved it into the drawer: "I suppose it's good, but for a Northern note it's rather queer looking."

Dick fired up in an instant, and indignantly demanded what he meant; if he did not like the looks of the bill to pass it over, and he would give him the blunt in gold.

A rather wordy altercation followed, which resulted in a five dollar gold piece being thrown down, and the flimsy bill being returned. Upon a close scrutiny the justice of the bartender's observation was fully verified—the note, though well executed, was a counterfeit. Furthermore, it was one of those won from Crawford. "Plant number two, by heavens!" and Dick made a break for his state-room, and began overhauling the money won from the gambler. "Quisby, every case of it," was his response to Bob's anxious inquiry. Upon further examination, it appeared that it was not quite that bad, there being nearly two hundred dollars in "queer," pretty evenly divided between a wildcat bank in Maine, a broken institution in New York, and an establishment that never had any existence, but supposed to be located in Indiana. The upshot of the matter was, that the money was quietly pitched overboard.

At New Orleans, Springer was "right at home," and could show his friends the elephant without any trouble. First of all, they secured lodgings at a place recommended by Mart. It would have been a pretty hard spot for some men to locate in, but King Dick felt able to travel in any sort of a crowd, and made no objections on that score, for he had got his satisfaction at fashionable hotels where, for a big price, they give bad accommodations, and think you can live on the name of the thing, without the victuals. It was about dark when, with Mart leading, the three entered a moderate-sized brick building, in search of accommodation. A bar room in the basement was the reception room, and a fat, good-natured-looking man was the receiver. When he caught sight of Springer, a smile of recognition was on his face, and he nodded familiarly.

"Back again, Mart? Glad to see you at the old quarters again; come and imbibe."

The three imbibed, the rooms were engaged, and then nothing remained to be done but wait for something to turn up.

The clouds were black, at least all that could be seen of them in the confines of the city, and the rain was pouring down in regular sheets, while the gutters were filled with rushing water. The few who were in the bar-room seemed well acquainted with Mart, and that person was soon in an animated conversation, the subject of which was the history of his sojourn in the land of St. Louis, King Dick and Frightened Bob getting included in the circle before long. The evening wore on, twelve o'clock came, and King Dick advanced his determination to "bunk in." The party broke up, John Rakes, the keeper of the place, putting up the shutters, and, after a night-cap of whiskey toddy, going to bed.

The next morning it was still raining, and it showed every sign of going to keep on raining. Wrapping themselves well up, the three started out on an exploring expedition, for Mart was bound to learn his friends the ropes of the city; and when, about four o'clock, the three returned, they had trotted around pretty extensively, and King Dick announced that in the game they had been playing that afternoon he believed that he could go it alone.

"Bob," said Dick, about six o'clock, "I'm going to scout around by myself to-night, and you and Mart can do whatever you choose; but recollect I want you here to-morrow morning by times. I think I have a small point to whirl on, and can perhaps save my ante anyhow."

"All right?" answered Bob, "only we're most cussedly quibsy on the blunt, and a small spoonful of the spondulics wouldn't be hard to take just now."

The money was produced, and out into the dark night and heavy rain struck King Dick. As he passed along the streets, but dimly lighted by the gas, he was intently pondering on the business on hand; but the more he thought, the more confused grew his ideas, and the more impassable the road before him. Here he was, in the heart of a strange city, pursuing an unknown man, who for certain reasons, from him concealed, was his direct foe. "Aye, I'll have the fox yet," ground out he from the bottom of his heart, clenching his teeth hard as he thought. "Yes, if I have to seek him in the darkest corner of the brimstone pit, d—n him, I'll meet him, and I'll curse him, and if he takes it up, then one of us dies!"

CHAPTER V.

"WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON."

A wet night and a blustery time—Jem Weston and his lady—The man that struck Billy Patterson—A promiscuous pile—Mart and Frightened Bob take a look at the tiger—The cat hole—The man that could keep a hotel—A sudden waking—The secret panel—"Mark C" in person—"You can't hold a box"—The revelations of Lize.

"A fight! a fight!" goes up from a hundred voices.

It was just in front of the St. Charles Theatre, and at the close of the performances, when the crowd were pushing out, and the clocks struck eleven, and the rain came rushing down with a steady "whirr" upon the broad flag pavements.

A commotion in the crowd, a swaying backward and forward, a promiscuous cursing and shouting, and a general hubbub, denoted the exact spot where the disturbance was taking place; and a shrill scream arising from the midst of the mass, proclaimed that a woman was there. For the last few moments King Dick had been standing near the door, intently watching the visitors as they passed out; for whilst he was within he had thought that he recognized the features of one about whom he desired to learn more than as yet he was acquainted with. He hears the cry and listens. Again goes up the scream, with a bound he leaps from the porch, and throws himself into the crowd. Without one atom of respect for the individuals who went to make up the component part of the whole mass, he shoves along, now throwing out this shoulder and now that.

The people wedge more closely together. Spreading out his arms, Dick, like a swimmer, buffets his way through the living billows until he finds himself at the heart. The gas lamps placed in front of the theatre throw a sufficient light on the scene to enable him in a minute to observe the status of things.

A woman was in the centre of the group. By her side stood a young man; facing them, three other men.

The woman was yet young, handsome looking, and well dressed; but evidently of that class styled "nymphs of the pave." Her companion, for such the young man appeared to be, from the peculiarities of his dress, was evidently from the country, and his looks of concern were highly amusing to behold, provided the observer could but see them without looking upon the rest of the scene. The three men were coarse looking, brawny fellows, and one of them was standing in a threatening attitude whilst he poured out a torrent of invectives upon the countryman and his frail companion—the other two standing by and looking on eagerly for the expected fray. Around these five for a nucleus, was clustered the crowd.

"Who the — sent you here, Master Johnny Raw, to

put in an oar in this 'ere business; you ain't up to the ropes about town. If you think you can shine in this crowd you're d—ly mistaken. Isn't he boys?"

The two standing by gave a scornful laugh, and then the man continued: "I tell you, I'm the gal's lawful perfecter, and I'm going to assert my rights, I am; so just come along, Lizzie, and leave this young gentleman to find a woman wherever he can."

"I tell you, Ben, you must be drunk, or else you've got reasons for acting this way, that the crowd don't know anything about. I never saw you a dozen times in my life before; but I know you. Heaven knows I walk low enough, but I'm not quite down to your level yet." Thus, in an agitated manner, responded the girl, and the man by her side apparently listened with interest.

"Is what you say true, Lize?" said he. "If it is, the fellow shan't touch you."

"As true as I stand here."

"Then old cock you'd better travel, for you can't crow here." The countryman, or whoever he was, was evidently gaining confidence.

"You stand out of the way, for I don't want to hurt you; but Lize must come along." As he said this the man stepped to the side of the girl, and caught her by the wrists: "Don't be a fool, now," he rather loudly whispered, "Marker says you must come, and when he says a thing, its so; and can't be rubbed out."

"Let him say so. I'll be no man's slave, and as for you, Ben Grimson, keep your hands off my wrists."

The rain came pelting down harder than ever, and the crowd became more restless. Some one sang out: "If you're going to take yer woman, hurry up yer cakes, fur we can't stay here a waiting all night!"

"Come along, Lize!" exclaimed Ben Grimson, angrily. "I was a little mad when yer bloke hit me, but I don't want to raise a row with a greenhorn. You know as well as I do that you're bound to come, so what's the use of fooling?"

"Hold on! I don't know who you are, or anything about you; but I want you to understand that unless the woman says so, she needn't stir an inch with you; and what's more, I ain't going to stand in the rain here any longer. I may be green, and I may not know the ropes, but there ain't a chicken that shall crow where Jem Weston walks, and that's so. "Come on," turning to the woman. "Its rather too public a place for them to pick up a row in, so we may go on."

"No yer don't. You can't come the benevolent individual here; and now I come to look at you, it strikes me I've met you before; but if you ain't so very — green, you'll stay out. This isn't the place I wanted to meet the girl in, but she belongs to me, and she's got to come even if I have to pile away a few such fancy-looking coves as you are."

King Dick had worked his way through the crowd—which had already somewhat decreased—and now stood within a yard of Ben Grimson. He had heard that man whisper to the girl, and though he only caught part of what he said, yet that part interested him. He thought he heard the word "Mark" used. Watching and waiting, then, to see what would be the result, King Dick stood by to see fair play. A few more words of angry altercation; a little more cursing, and then the watchers had the pleasure of seeing Ben Grimson catch it hot and heavy about the nasal protuberance. "A good lick, that," thought more than one, as Grimson suddenly collapsed from a blow on the nose. Jem Weston did not strike scientifically, but the steam was there.

The girl had stopped her screaming, and evidently watched with interest the pugilistic development of her companion, while the pals of Grimson were for a moment mute with astonishment. In less time than it takes to tell it they lost the feeling and went in.

A rather mixed kind of a row followed, for the crowd pushed up, and but little open space was left for the combatants. Ben and his friends had the advantage, however; for they were personally known to most of those around, and no one felt precisely like hitting out when they were about. Weston jumped backwards and sideways and forwards, dodging about until he got the two close together; then he made two springing hits, which sent two nobs back with a sudden snap.

"Show me the man that struck Billy Patterson!" exclaimed Ben, rising from the ground and pitching towards the person that had hit him.

"Here he is; if you want him, take him," said King Dick, as he threw himself in the path of Grimson. "Fair play's the card I travel on, and it's a free pass through this village."

"Go to bloody blazes, will yer?" and Ben threw out his right mawley with vicious intent.

"Not quite, sonny." The blow glanced harmlessly from Dick's arm, and the return came in the shape of a left-hander. Ben ducked his head just in time to miss the clip, and again went in; but he was a little too slow a coach to travel alongside of King Dick. A right-hander on the bridge of the nose took the trick; and leaving Ben to get along as best he could, King turned to see how the fight was progressing. Jem Weston had a man down, and another had him down, and Lize was on top of the man, and the whole crowd was beginning to tear around promiscuously. To jump in was the work of an instant, and Jem Weston was on his feet in less time than it takes to tell it—two men remaining on the broad of their backs trying by gas-light to count the number of bricks in the chimney of the theatre.

Perhaps three minutes had elapsed since Dick had left his position in front of the theatre, and mixed in with the crowd. Fast as ever the rain "whirred" down, and the assembly began to look considerably bedraggled. A lone hack-driver sat on his vehicle, passengerless and dripping, but bound to see the row—for it seemed to him to be a harmless sort of a one, where there wouldn't be many bricks thrown or more than two or three men killed. The partners of the firm of Grimson & Co. being satisfactorily disposed of, and the bystanders not being anxious to pitch in, Weston appeared to be desirous of leaving that quarter of the city, and his eye happening to fall upon the hack that was carefully drawn up out of harm's way in the gutter, he hailed the driver; and into the instrument of conveyance went Weston, Lize, and our hero, King Dick.

Leaving this trio to rattle over the stones at as fast a rate as the two spavined things that did the dragging chose to go, let us turn and see in what our friends Frightened Bob and Mart Springer were engaged.

When King Dick left them, early in the evening, they did not seem to be in a most amiable humor, and as the "sweets" of private and retired life were altogether sour to Bob, it was not long before, in company with Mart, he started out for an evening stroll.

"Where for now?" inquired Mart. "Fancy house, dance house, theatre, or the tiger?"

"A little of both," as the highwayman said when the traveller asked him whether he'd have notes or gold."

"Then trot along, and we'll try the tiger first. I have

the password, if I ain't so nicely rigged out, and can show you the spot where the animal lays."

The building was reached. Passing through a number of rooms, Bob finally found himself in one of large size, at the end of which was a table, behind the table a man holding in his hands a deck of cards, which he was rapidly shuffling. "Come, gentlemen," said he, "make up your minds while I shuffle the cards. This is a benevolent institution, and I'm a public benefactor. There's a small per-centage in our favor, of course, but if you're a luck you may break the bank, and make your everlasting fortune."

A crowd of at least two dozen stood around; men of all classes, from the grocery clerk to the wholesale merchant, from the common gambler to the man of wealth, who risked his money for the sake of excitement. The quick eye of the dealer immediately caught sight of Bob Sterner, and he continued—"the cards are shuffled and cut, and gentlemen will please make their bets. Remember, we're dealing square, without a flyer, and you've a chance to break the bank at one pull of the cards. Plank your money, gentlemen, if you mean sporting."

Bob, in the course of his travels, had met with every sort of game—and played them, too. With the mysteries of faro he was rather intimately acquainted, and a smile came over his face as the croupier announced a "fair and square deal without a flyer." "Not quite that green," soliloquized he. "Haven't kept a menagerie myself without learning the habits of the wild animals a little better than that. I'll just hold on awhile, and see how the thing works." Without the assistance of a cue paper, Bob could still tell what was a bet, and he watched and waited. Pull after pull was made; some lost and some won. In one thing only did the bank seem to have any advantage; and that was in the number of "splits." Some half dozen of these occurred in the course of the deal. "Not quite so square, after all," thought our friend.

"Now then, gentlemen, make your bets. There are only three cards left in the box, and if you tell them right you get four times the amount of your money. Who calls the cat, gentlemen? Two deuces and a Jack left to bet on, and a chance to make your fortune."

"Guess, Mart, we'll stay out till we see which way the cat hops. She's rather an uncertain animal to fool with."

This in a whisper, as was Mart's answer—"Rayther."

"Here's for the Jack!" wildly ejaculated some one.

"There's one fool going it blind, anyhow. He don't win no way."

"Don't know about that. There's just enough of the rest to make a split, and the bank seems to be—on splits to-night."

"Exactly, and don't you suppose the feller that handles the Tiger knows you'll think so. It's rather a risky piece of business betting on faro—and I kind of calculate I ought to know that—but here goes a five on the deuce. Blast the cat-call!"

To verify the truth of his position, Bob put down the five dollars, and won, which was a good deal more than any of the rest did.

Then picking up the two bunches of cards, the dealer ran them in with a quick shuffle, cut them in half, and ran them together again; some one cut them, and then the dealing began over.

"Let me see. The ace won last time all the way through; and so did the king and queen, with the pot cards losing all through; just hold on, Robert, and see how she works this time. There was exactly fifty-two pulls made last time; see if there is this."

So Bob held on. The fourth card was the ace of diamonds, and the fifth the queen of hearts; the eleventh the ace of spades, the twelfth the queen of clubs.

"Here's a five on the king," said Bob, throwing down a counter on that card—the king had lost a couple of times before—and then he continued his mental observations. "What was it that split so—the pot cards, wasn't it? Now if they begin to win, it ain't a sure sign; but if they lose, why, Robert, you'd better copper them."

From these cogitations, it will be seen, he played entirely by calculation; and all through the deal these calculations appeared to come out right; and at the end of it, he drew in quite a nice little pile. "I guess, Mart, I'd better be travelling," said Bob. "Luck may run out, and we'll try this establishment some other night."

"Young man, you can keep a hotel," said the dealer, quite gravely; "but some other night, if you can't stay any longer, drop in and have a look at the animals."

"I'll do that," was the answer, and the crowd eyed him curiously as he elbowed his way through, and followed Mart out into the open air.

Suddenly, Bob Sterner awoke. Nor was it a half awakening, in which everything was confusedly blended; but his head was perfectly clear, and he could remark everything that was in the room. Through the window, which was at the foot of the bed, the silver moonlight poured, lighting up the hangings on the opposite wall, throwing to be sure, the headstend in the shade; and strangely distorting the image of his clothes which were flung upon a chair. The frail creature at his side slept with an unbroken rest—her thoughts and cares all hidden in the embrace of slumber. "Moonlight is it? Then it must have cleared off since I crawled in to roost, and it must be well on towards morning. Pretty way this to spend the night. I wonder where King Dick is?"

A clock striking three, for the moment, interrupted his soliloquy.

"Three o'clock, by thunder! An intensely moral young man I am; been sleeping for the last three hours, I suppose."

A sudden "click" startled him. In sound it was something like the sudden coming together of a spring after a tension. It did not take Bob three seconds to run through a long train of thought, and wind up with the terse supposition, "The panel game." Keeping his position as well as possible, he reached his hand back under his pillow, and grasped the revolver that he had quietly deposited there just before retiring, and awaited "further developments." Just the faintest creak, coming apparently from the opposite wall, told of the revolution of a panel, and with eager eyes Sterner watched the spot. First, the hangings gently moved; then it appeared as though a hand was stretched forth to gather them up; a moment longer, and with distinctness he could see the face of a man peering through the frame of a small door into the room.

Long, heavily drawn breaths resounded from the bed, as though Bob Sterner slept deeply. A smile crept over the face; Bob, through half closed eyelids, closely marking the expression. Soon the person who thus stealthily approached drew his frame through the opening, and stood upright in the room. In one hand he held a small bottle, in the other a long-bladed knife, from the cold steel of which the moonbeams sparkled and shivered with a fascinating light for Bob.

The man was one of medium stature; a loose coat con-

SPORTS ABROAD

THE RING.

From the London Sporting Life.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Nov. 4.—Manning and Rose—210 a side, Birmingham.

4.—Jem Cooke and Mat Haines—25 a side, catch-weight, Birmingham.

5.—T. Carroll and Key Ryng—210 a side, catch-weight, Portsmouth.

7.—Mike Conkle and Jem Dillon—225 a side, at 9st 12lb, Home circuit.

11.—M. Donald and Tombs—210 a side, Birmingham.

11.—Sam Hopkins and Fred Walker—25 a side, at catch-weight, Home circuit.

23.—Dan Lomas and Tom Kelly—250 a side, at 10st 16lb, Manchester.

25.—Josh Price and Pemberton's Novice—220 a side, Birmingham.

10.—Bob Tyler and Bob Travers—Catch weight, £100 a side, London.

10.—Morris and Harry Allen—225 a side, at 9st 3lb, Birmingham.

11.—Jeremiah Driscoll and James Bull—25 a side, at catch-weight, Home circuit.

11.—Joe Goe and Brettie's Novice—2100 a side, at catch-weight, Home circuit.

17.—Mickey Gannon and James Hutton—225 a side, open for £50 a side, at catch-weight, Home circuit.

23.—Young Hodge and Charley Lynch—225 a side, at 8st, Home circuit.

26.—The Brick Lad and Malkin, of Sheffield—225 a side, at 8st 4lb, Sheffield.

31.—Bob Brettie and Jack Rooke—2200 a side, London.

31.—G. Harding and L. Dimmock—220 a side, at 21st 2lb, Birmingham.

1862.

21.—Cook and Follows—210 a side, at 10st 10lb, Birmingham.

—Mace and King—2200 a side and the Champion's Belt.

—Nobby Hall, of Birmingham, and C. Wilkinson, of the Potteries—250 a side, at 9st 4lb, Midland Counties.

APRIL 1.—Dan Thomas and Joe Nolan—2200 a side, at 8st 10lb, Home circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM COOKE AND TOM KELLY—£400 and THE BELT. The deposit due on Thursday, Oct. 24, was posted at Alex Keene's, and another of £15 a side was to be staked on or before Friday, Nov. 5.

BON BASTIAN AND JACK ROOKE—£200 a side, at 10st 2lb. Another deposit of £12 a side for the interest was staked on Friday, Nov. 1, and the next of the same amount was to be made on Friday, Nov. 8.

DAN THOMAS AND JOE NOLAN, FOR £400.—These rival light weights have at length drawn up articles and staked, to fight for £200 a side, at 8st 10lb, on April 1, 1862, in the home circuit. Deposits of £10 a side are to be made each week until the final, which is to be of £15 a side, at a house to be named by Thomas. The place of fighting, which is to take place before fighting, has to be named by Nolan, on or before the last deposit.

A FIVE POUND.—David Thomas, the Welshman, of Smethwick and Edward Pardon, met on Tuesday, Oct. 29, at St. John's Valley, near Birmingham, at catch-weight, for £5 a side. After contesting seven good rounds, in 22 minutes, the Welshman was declared the winner.

LYNCH, THE AMERICAN, MATCHED.—After laying up in ordinary for some time, we observe that the above named native hero has been matched to fight Young Hodge, for £25 a side, to come off a week or so previous to the Christmas holidays. The preliminary deposit of £5 a side has been made.

ATTEMPTED PRIZE FIGHT NEAR NEWCASTLE.—Detachments of the Newcastle, South Northumberland, and South Shields police, were put on the alert on Monday, Oct. 28, by the movements of two young men, Thomas Costella and John McKenna, who had been matched to fight for £10 a side. Each of them had previously figured in the prize ring, and both had been in training for the event. About two hours before day-break, the motley crew of something like 150 young men tramped along high roads and by-roads to a place known as the "Jingling Gates," near Kintona, where stakes were pitched, and a ring was formed. Seconds were in attendance to wait on the two pugilists, one of them, a man of renown, rejoicing in the fighting sobriquet of "Cart Car," and the other either Mickey Bent or one of Mickey's traveling boxes—it was not ascertained. The ring was a second division of the city, and their friends, specially directed to their respective corners, and they had barely appeared in the arena in fighting costume when the cry of "police" necessitated the postponement of hostilities. Surely enough there appeared in the ray of light of the morning, a score of the constabulary, and fully a dozen of the Newcastle police, under the divisional inspectors, accompanied by Inspector Elliott and other detectives. The stakes were withdrawn, and in a few minutes the pugilists and their friends were flying in all directions. Some skulked behind hedges, trees, or bushes, others lay to the ridges of the fields; but, as the police could not apprehend any one except those actually engaged, nobody was taken into custody. The belligerents and their right-hand men then directed their course to the skirts of the town, where they succeeded in getting on board a steamboat with view of renewing the combat in a quiet locality; and Detective Dixon contrived to be a passenger in the same boat. The pugilists, however, by landing in parties at different places, managed to give the officer the slip, and succeeded in meeting again on Byker Hill. Here they were again interrupted by Elliott and Co., and the result was a second division of the city. With determination, the pugilists now arranged a more distant place of meeting in the county of Durham, and the better to prevent suspicion, Costella and a dozen of his friends proceeded to Hutton Station, and there joined a train for South Shields, while McKenna and his supporters took a different route to the appointed place. The train was the victim of a second division of the city, and the progress of the pugilists was arrested. A sharp whistle along the coast, the leaders of the affair selected as the scene of the next engagement a nice piece of grassy land at the base of a steep hill in a field near Lizard's House, and about 200 yards from the rocks at Mardoun. The stakes had been left behind, but the fighting and keeping the fight was a matter of high importance. A few inches taller than the other, and very really looked to be a heavier man than his opponent. The first few rounds consisted of severe hitting, and at the 7th, when the men had fought about ten minutes, they were still both strong and active. McKenna's mouth was then assuming a bluish cast, he bled slightly at the mouth, and seemed to feel his punishment considerably. He stood erect, but Costella, by lowering his right arm, and reaching out with a nearly all his blows on the body, and his skin was much scratched on the chest and ribs. In the ninth and tenth round Costella, who seemed to be the favorite, made a sounding hit on his opponent's chest, and both went to grass. Soon afterwards four policemen appeared in the distance, and the fight was discontinued. The policemen were allowed to come among them, and were regarded with a silent respect. The pugilists could do nothing about 200 excited men. The policemen had accomplished their object by stopping the fight; and as it was too late in the day to think of seeking a new seat of war, the battered pugilists and their grim-visaged followers retraced their steps to Shields, the four policemen bringing up the rear of a long procession. It is perhaps worthy of remark that the pugilists were not in any way concerned in this affair was sustained for no less a period than twelve hours, in the course of which they overcame difficulties of no ordinary moment, in order to accomplish their object; and it is only fair to add that the few persons who were among them, but evidently not of them, were treated with civility, and a sort of rough courtesy. An incident occurred too, which shows that the spirit of the pugilists, as of other pursuits, is still to some extent hereditary. While waiting at Hutton Station, we saw a little ragged urchin of about ten years of age, who proved to be the brother of Costella. A friend asked him if it would not have been better to have fought this battle in some room where the police would not have interfered. "Aye," said the little game chicken, "the polis will laugh to see a man's head broken by a policeman's bat, but who can stop a man from bringing off a dead fight, they do all they can to stop it."

GREAT FOUR-MILE RACE.

DEERFOOT AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

The interest taken by the public in the performances of the Seneca Indians is so great, that the race was fully demonstrated on Monday, Oct. 23, by the thousands assembled at Balaclava Heath, Birmingham, to witness him contend in a handicap. Mr. Taylor, the proprietor of the St. Helena Gardens, offered a very handsome silver cup, of the value of £25, for competition in a handicap race of four miles, with £2 for the second, and £1 for the third man. For this E. Mills (the six miles' champion), the Indian S. Barker (who is matched with Deerfoot), W. Richards (of Milway), and J. Roberts (of Birmingham) entered their names, and were handicapped as follows:—Mills, at scratch; Deerfoot and Barker, fifty yards' start; Richards and Roberts, 440 yards. The fact of the Indian being engaged in the race caused much interest, and the leading topic of conversation in all the sporting houses has been Deerfoot, his performance, and the general question asked was, "Do you think he'll come?" At the day for the race drew near, the excitement increased, and anxious inquiries were made as to whether he had been seen in the town. On Friday, Little Teddy Mills (Young England), attended by his backer, W. Price, and G. Beddow, the sprint champion, arrived in the hardware village. On Saturday Richards made his appearance. Sporting houses were crowded each night by those anxious to see the men, and on going into Mills' great astonishment was expressed at so much speed and endurance being contained in so small a compass. When Sunday had passed over without any sign of the Indian's appearance, fears were entertained that he would not come; but the half-past twelve train from London brought the Seneca to the hardware meadows, and on Deerfoot stepping on to the platform of the N.W. street station, accompanied by his trainer, Cleary Mower (of Norwich), he was loudly cheered by the assembled multitude. The news spread rapidly, and the approach to the station was soon thronged, and his exit from the door was the signal for loud and hearty cheers. As he stalked up the street, arrayed in his robes, he was surrounded by the crowd of persons who had assembled, and had for some time been waiting his arrival. He took up his quarters at Mr. Parrot's, and the house was literally besieged by throngs eager to get a glimpse

of him. After partaking of a mutton chop, his attendant marshalled him to the grounds, where between 3,000 and 4,000 patrons of pedestrianism were congregated. Deerfoot, as has been his custom, paraded round the grounds several times previous to stripping for the contest. The race started at 5.30, and the first past four he was the competitor appeared on the course, and it was then found that Barker was the only absentee. The performance of each man have been so fully and recently detailed, as to render it unnecessary to repeat them. On this occasion "Young England" was attended to by George Baddows, Mower waiting on the Indian (G. Martin not being present), W. Crutchley on Richards, and Arthur Aiken doing the police for Roberts. There was but very little betting on the result. To complete the distance of four miles, they had to traverse the ground thirty-four times and seventy yards. The respective distances being measured off, and the men at their marks, the signal to go was given at eight minutes past four o'clock, and the men at once dispatched on their arduous journey. The running was made by Roberts and Richards, side by side, and for the first few rounds was not particularly fast, but as lap succeeded lap, and they warmed to their work, the pace was greatly increased. From the commencement of the race Mills steadily decreased the distance between himself and his leaders, and at the finish of the first half mile, had gained a dozen yards on the Indian, and he had been closing on Richards and Roberts, who still ran shoulder to shoulder. During the next half mile Little Teddy galloped at least another fifteen yards, but now the Indian began putting forth some of his terrible spurs, and made his lead more commanding. This forcing the pace caused him rapidly to gain on the leading men, and at the end of the first mile, which was run in 4 min. 51 sec., he had diminished the distance between them by 100 yards. Mills being about thirty yards to the lead. In the third half mile Mills pulled foot, and made up a considerable portion of his lost way, and when one mile and a half miles had been completed, he was within twenty yards of "lancashire skin." At this time, Roberts and Richards, in the most amicable manner imaginable, were travelling along together, stride for stride, Richards running on the outside, neither seeming to wish to leave the other, and thus the third half mile was got through. At about one mile and three quarters (fourteen laps), Deerfoot, in a splendid spurt, caught and passed the leading men for the first time, and Richards and Roberts then being one lap (205 yards) in front, in the succeeding lap, Mills also ran by them, thus having gained 235 yards at half the distance, and going along in beautiful style, running so lightly as scarcely to leave a mark, while the Indian, on the other hand, went plunging away in his now well-known form. Coming down the straight in the seventeenth lap (two miles), Mills gathered himself together, made a fine spurt, and nearly closed up with the Indian, but Mower calling upon his man to stretch out, and the Indian answering to the call, was soon twenty yards ahead, the two miles being gone over in 10 min. 16 sec. The pace was now severe, each striving his utmost for pride of place; but, despite the exertions of Richards and Roberts, the rear-most men kept gradually drawing on them, and at two miles and a half more than 100 yards separated them, each time in coming down the straight. Deerfoot was four feet apart and increased by a yard or two his distance from Mills, who was, at that part of the race, not more than a dozen yards behind him, but each time in rounding the back of the course, the little hero regained his former position. At the finish of the third mile (time, 15 min. 36 sec.)—Red Jacket was not more than five yards in the rear of the leading pair, and he was in force the pace, which was now very fast, and beginning to tell on them all; but still the Indian seemed the strongest. The excitement now became intense, and each man was loudly cheered as he passed, and encouraged by his partisans to redoubled efforts. At three and a half miles, Mills was at Deerfoot's quarters, but no sooner did he than he gave him a lead, and he again was in the lead, and the twenty eighth lap rushed past Richards and Roberts, and thus assumed the leading position, but, in passing the house turn, Roberts came with a rush, and repassed the Indian, Richards going on third, but the Birmingham man could not hold his lead, for in a very few more strides Deerfoot went past him like a shot, and seemed as if he had only just started. Mills, who was now about two miles in the rear, was not far from Deerfoot; the others well up. The cheering was now almost deafening; and the scene very exciting as the men came dashing along in a cluster, finishing the thirty-second lap in a rack. Mower now called upon Deerfoot, who answered it gamely; and, in going along the back stretch, took a lead of five or six yards. Little Teddy, nothing daunted, made a spurt for a yard, and he was in the lead, but not more than a yard in the rear. On finishing the thirty-third lap Roberts was compelled to cry a go, completely pumped out; Richards being ten yards behind Mills. As they passed the post for the thirty-fourth time, it was evident that the gallant little Mills was in distress, and was passed by Richards, who struggled on to the commencement of the straight run, where he was overtaken by Deerfoot. Richards, who was now well up, was along to the finish; but the Indian had the race in hand, and won by ten yards; but, not being satisfied, ran another lap, doing the entire distance, four miles and one lap, in 21 minutes 42 seconds, and the four miles in 20 minutes 48 seconds, which, on such a course, was first-rate time.

HALF-MILE TIME.

MILE TIME.

First half mile 2 24 1/2

Second " 2 24 1/2—First mile, 4 minutes 51 seconds.

Third " 2 40 1/2

Fourth " 2 44 1/2—Second mile, 5 min. 25 seconds.

Fifth " 2 28 1/2

Sixth " 2 41 1/2—Third mile, 5 min. 20 seconds.

Seventh " 2 35 1/2

Eighth and last " 2 30 1/2—Fourth mile, 5 min. 12 seconds.

Total 20 48

The extra lap 0 54

Total 21 42

Deerfoot's next appearance will be on Monday, Nov. 4, at Hyde Park, St. John's, in a mile handicap. On November 13, he will run at Portsmouth, and on the 26th he meets Barker at Hackney Wick, to run for the Ten Miles' Championship Cup and £25 a side, and he is matched to run Mills eight miles, for £100 a side, the day for this great contest not having yet fixed.—Sporting Life, Oct. 30.

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING MATCH.

CROSS AND NEWTON, FOR £200.

On Saturday, Oct. 26, from seven to eight thousand persons assembled at Salford Borough Gardens, Manchester, to witness the wrestling event, entered as follows:—The weather was fine, and the day was added to the favorable position of the sport. The history of the affair between the men is as follows:—Early in September, an arrangement was entered into between John Cross, of Ashton, and Joseph Newton, (alias "Teapot") of Salfordbridge, to wrestle the best of three back falls, Lancashire fashion, catch as catch can, for the sum of £100 a side, the articles stipulating that the man who was to win the 20th of the day, to wrestle in stocking feet, and neither to be rubbed with resin, grease, or any other pernicious drugs; the strict rules of Lancashire fashion to be adhered to, all fouls acts to be barred out, and should it not be finished on the first meeting, to be continued day by day until decided. Mr. Holden (the pedestrian baker) was appointed starter, holder, and the referee, and the match was duly entered into him at 12 o'clock. The contest was a beautiful piece of workmanlike wrestling, and should the men not agree to a referee in fifteen minutes, Mr. Holden was to appoint one. On the match being made, Mr. Abraham Attenbury proposed to both men to give a Champion's Cup, value £50, the winner to hold it for the space of eighteen months against all comers at 2 score 21bs, and as his offer was at once accepted, he engaged Messrs. Harper to manufacture the same. The contest was a beautiful piece of workmanlike wrestling, and should the men not agree to a referee in fifteen minutes, Mr. Holden was to appoint one. On the match being made, Mr. Abraham Attenbury proposed to both men to give a Champion's Cup, value £50, the winner to hold it for the space of eighteen months against all comers at 2 score 21bs, and as his offer was at once accepted, he engaged Messrs. 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FRANK QUINN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

AMERICAN BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS, as a recreative in-door amusement, has attained a degree of popularity in this country that is truly marvellous; and where billiard tables, billiard rooms, and billiard players were a few years since numbered by tens, they may now be counted by hundreds. This is owing, in no small degree, to the excellence attained in the manufacture of the material employed in its use, from combination cushions to the no less important adjunct, a well balanced cue. In fact, the billiard tables of America are not equaled by those of any other country, a fact which is acknowledged by all foreigners after having given them a fair trial. The style of game mostly played here is another reason for its growing popularity. We allude to the Four Ball American Carom Game, which in its various phases, and combinations, affords more real amusement, and more opportunities for the exhibition of the player's skill than any other we ever saw played—and we have seen nearly all of them. It is capable of some improvement, however, at least to those who have reached a certain degree of expertise with the cue, and that is the disarming of the "bowery," or shove shot, which is, in our opinion, an innovation on the game, and much to be condemned. We hope soon to see it rubbed off the statute book as a legal method of counting. The carom game should also be played on a carom table; or, at least, on a table that has no side pockets, as some of the prettiest shots are frequently spoiled thereby. Unless for pool games, or games of that ilk, it is our opinion that the absence of all pockets would be a great improvement. Billiards, just now, are decidedly on the upward tendency, and the various saloons on Broadway and elsewhere, are being well patronized; particularly those located up town. The same may be said of the rural districts, if we may be allowed to judge from the various questions asked us weekly in reference to the game. "Out west," too, the cue men are busy, and aside from several minor matches recently played, one on a larger scale is to be played on the 21st inst., between Messrs. Tietman and Deery, at Cincinnati. The former gentleman is well known in billiard circles; and it will be remembered, took part in the great National Tournament played at O'Connor's rooms, in Fourteenth street, in this city, about a year since, coming off second best, he having to contend for final supremacy with Dudley Kavanagh, the "rising star" of New York. Deery is young on the "war path," and the present match may perhaps be properly considered his debut on the green cloth, although he has attained considerable local celebrity out there; which is evident, by his being backed against the veteran Tietman. There is some talk, we believe, about his being matched with Kavanagh, which may probably so result, as the latter goes on to Cincinnati to see the match between Tietman and Deery. "Down east," or rather in Boston, they have a young man, name unknown to us, that they think can "do" Kavanagh, or "any other man," at anything near a "discount," and we heard on Monday evening last a rather heavy bet offered on that side of the house—\$100 a game, for five hundred games—which, on an intimate acquaintance being made, was withdrawn. One hundred dollars a game on five hundred games, appeared to us a little like a game at bluff, and we "smiled" over it. However, taking all things into consideration, the conclusion is a safe one, that the game of billiards is looking up, a state of things that we hope will continue. For the accommodation, and at the request of several of our readers, we elsewhere publish the rules of the American game, recently revised by Mr. Phelps, one of the first authorities in the game we now have among us.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLISTON BROWN.

NUMBER THIRTY-SIX.

MISS MARY C. TAYLOR.

FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS "OUR MARY," was born in New York; daughter of William Taylor, a celebrated musician. Made her first appearance in public in New York when only ten years of age, at a concert given by the European Society, and sang a scene from "Der Freyschütz," and a Cantata by Beethoven.

Mr. James W. Wallack, hearing of her vocal abilities, solicited her father to let her sing the alto, in the choruses at the National Theatre, Church street, of which he was then manager. Many remember the "Little Wonder" in the Gypsy Chorus of "Auntie."

The Sheriff and Wilson troupe were at this time at the theatre. Her father dying soon after, she was left to support a widowed mother and brothers and sisters.

When Mitchell opened the "Glympic" after a season she joined the company, and remained with him some years, the poet and pride of the public. After she left that theatre, to join other forces, she remained but one season, (he had lost his main dependence,) and sold the effects to Mr. Burton, who was obliged to close after a few months of bad business. She visited Boston and opened the new Howard Atheneum, under the management of Mr. Hackett; here she was the pit as usual, playing every thing—in burlesque she had no rival. Charlotte Cushman persuaded her to play Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet," making an immense hit—Miss Cushman always taking her before the curtain with her, to share in the applause.

During the summer she traveled as far as St. Louis, stopping at all the principal cities, and always with the same success as in the east. She was one of the first who received an offer to visit California, the sum named was ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) for four months, reserving her own benefit. This gave the start to others to seek that golden country, but she refused the offer, for at that time that golden country was not so easy of access, besides she had many to leave behind.

On the 11th of November, 1852, she was united in the bonds of wedlock to Mr. Ewing, a wealthy young gentleman of New York, where she is at present enjoying herself in private life, as wife and mother.

Her first appearance in Philadelphia took place July 14th, 1846, at Masonic Hall, as Mrs. Major Phoebe, in "Lend Me Five Shillings," and Rosetta, in "Alpine Maid." Her first benefit was July 27th, as Cecilia, in "The Secret."

There was something about "Our Mary," so arch and cunning, that a very saint would hang his head over his left shoulder and look a look of deep delight at her beautiful acting, and still more exquisite singing. She appeared to be a bundle of beautiful notes, and poets tied up by the hand of nature with the utmost delicacy and taste, and also with the greatest deliberation and care. The genius of Miss Taylor did not spring into existence at a single heat. It was moulded and moulded again until it assumed the prettiest form imaginable. Who could look upon her seriousness without laughing? None. Who could look upon her gaiety without delight? None, verily none. Who could hear her "roaming" without rapture? Certainly none. Being young, pretty, and agreeable—possessed of a charming voice, and an unblemished character, she made some noise in the world, and, as is usually the case with handsome actresses, she was surrounded by a long list of beaux, but Mr. Ewing's suit being honorable, she made him happy.

MISS EMMA TAYLOR, "OUR EMMA."

BORN IN NEW YORK, 1833. Made her first appearance on the stage in 1853, at Mitchell's Olympic, New York, as the Fairy Geniella, in the "Invisible Prince," for her sister's benefit. Played at the New Boston Theatre for three seasons. Made her obitance in Philadelphia, August 31, 1857, at the Arch Street Theatre, in the farce of "A Handsome Husband."

This lady has a countenance which changes with every sentiment, like the surface of the mountain stream, on a March day, of alter-

nate light and shadow. Her eyes exercise an almost magical power—and, without being a fastidious beauty, she wields a fascination as complete as that which resided in the Countess of Beauty's queen. Those eyes—"dark and deep as fate"—and that shower of rich hair, falling round a square, well-set forehead, the art of which is sweet in its tones, are in themselves sufficient to make her a great favorite.

Apart from her estimable personal character, and the acknowledged womanly influence which that has always carried with it, which, above all things, is so really desirable for the welfare of the stage with us—her invariable accuracy and faithfulness to the text of her quick succeeding parts, the perfect taste in costume, the finished, truthful naturalness of her delineations, must very soon entitle her to the first rank in her profession. Many young persons of both sexes pant for theatrical laurels, but are prevented from making the attempt by the difficulty they find of being properly introduced. The road to the Drama, however, lay open to Miss Taylor. Her sister was on the stage, and encouraged by her example, she resolved to make a trial of her abilities. She had a fine mind, which has been intensively cultivated. I found in her a deep vein of histrionic ability, when she appeared in the character of Clara Bellerophon, in Land's play of "Beatrice." She displayed untamable genius. She sustained the character of a very young lady most naturally, pliantly, and spiritedly. It was a refreshing portrait, and went straight to the hearts of the audience. A little story was told so simply, artlessly, and gracefully—it was so uncluttered with stiltedness and conventionality—that the art of acting seemed a story of plaudits. Miss Taylor was at once vociferously called before the curtain, and received a cordial salvo of applause. The performance was a perfect picture, startling us by its very truthfulness, and stamping her an actress of most rare ability. There was, in many of her expressions, such touching softness in her tones, that, as Dryden says,

"Like flocks of feather'd snow
They melted as they fell."

She is one of the most tasteful and magnificent dressers that I recollect ever having seen. We sincerely hope that she will long remain a member of the profession, and in that case can hardly fail to obtain the highest fame; for she has all the natural gifts of person to please and attract, conjoined with great talent, great correctness, and great taste.

This lady is at present at the Arch, Philadelphia, where she is an immense favorite with her audiences, and making rapid advances in her profession.

M'DELLE RACHAEL.

Her right name was Elizabeth Rachael Felix, born in the Swiss village of Muri, March 24th, 1820. She was the second daughter of a Jew pedler—a Bohemian trader—who picked up a scanty living by the sale of his wares in Germany and Switzerland. The family removed to Lyons, and our heroine with her sister visited the taverns every day, and delighted the frequenters with their singing. Rachael acted as treasurer, being 10 years of age. One day she was encountered by M. Choran, who, discovering her talent, took her among his pupils; but he soon found out that she was more suited to declamation than singing and he handed her over to the tuition of Pagan St. Aubert, a gentleman who educated comedienne and tragediennes; here she remained for nearly four years, at the end of which time she received "Horace" so well that she was procured for her to enter the Conservatoire, on the 27th of October, 1836, under the instruction of Michelot.

She shortly afterwards appeared at one of the theatres on the Boulevard, playing small parts. Her debut took place April 24th, 1837, at the Gymnase, in a piece written expressly for her by M. Paul Dupont, entitled "La Vendee," she was unsuccessful—a complete failure. On the 19th of June, 1838, an engagement was procured for her at the Theatre Francaise, and she appeared in "Les Horaces"—her success was great. Her popularity sprang to its highest point almost instantaneously; her salary the first year was 4,000 francs, the second year 20,000. In after years her income raised from 300,000 to 400,000 francs.

Having succeeded in Paris, she visited Lyons, where she made a great hit. On the 10th of May, 1840, she appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, in "Andromache." The Jew pedler, who was in St. Petersburg, where the Russians showered her with gold and precious stones. In 1843, she was waving the flag of her nation over her head and singing "The Marseillaise" to crowds of excited patriots.

By the advice of her brother Rachael she sailed from England, August 11th, 1855, for America. Arrived in New York, August 23d, and made her first appearance September 3d, at the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, in "Andromache." The Jew pedler, who was in St. Petersburg, where the Russians showered her with gold and precious stones. In 1843, she was waving the flag of her nation over her head and singing "The Marseillaise" to crowds of excited patriots. By the advice of her brother Rachael she sailed from England, August 11th, 1855, for America. Arrived in New York, August 23d, and made her first appearance September 3d, at the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, in "Andromache." The Jew pedler, who was in St. Petersburg, where the Russians showered her with gold and precious stones. In 1843, she was waving the flag of her nation over her head and singing "The Marseillaise" to crowds of excited patriots.

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M'DELLE SARAH, LIA AND DINAH.

Sisters of Rachael, made their first appearance in Philadelphia, November 21st, 1855, at the Walnut Street Theatre, in the French play entitled "Les Droits de l'Homme."

AGNES ROBERTSON.

BORN IN EDINBURGH, on Christmas day, in 1833. She is grand-niece, by the female line, of the late John Robert, and the expense of her early education was borne by that family. Before she was nine years of age she became the pupil of the great English composer, Blewitt.

She had reached the age of eleven, her proficiency was so great that she gave a series of concerts in Edinburgh, on which occasion she first appeared before the public. From her native city she went to London, where she remained for twelve months, and then to Manchester. At this moment a calamity threw the support of a family of younger brothers and sisters, together with her mother, entirely upon Miss Robertson's professional exertions. At thirteen years of age she commenced her theatrical career, studying those characters which Clara Fether has rendered so popular. She appeared at Hull, Manchester, Belfast, and Dublin. In 1845, a circumstance almost unparalleled in painful recollection, occurred while she was playing in Manchester. One Saturday night, while acting, she received a message, that a prevailing epidemic had struck her family, and her home would soon be the house of death. After the performance, she hurried to Hull, and arrived in time to bury her youngest brother. On Monday she returned to the theatre, and on the following Saturday night she speed home to see her father and mother in the earth. During the following week, the last of her brothers died, and before a month had passed, her mother had sunk beneath misfortune, leaving her an orphan.

Three months afterwards, Miss Robertson was the star in Dublin. She had quitted the line of characters she heretofore played, and appeared in the most impressive impersonations in which she has so far. In 1849 she proceeded to Glasgow, where for twelve months she was the sole support of the theatre. Her fame had now reached London, and she was engaged by Mr. Charles Kean, for the Princess Theatre, and in January, 1851, made her first appearance in the "Merchant of Venice" as Nerissa. The relationship existing between Miss Robertson and the Ducal family at Buckingham, had caused much gossip at court, and her first performance was honored by the presence of the Queen. At the conclusion of the tragedy, Mr. Charles Kean was summoned to the Royal box, and after expressing himself in terms of the deepest admiration, the Queen desired Mr. Kean to give Miss Robertson precedence in all the private performances which took place at Windsor Castle. From this time the "new star" was in the ascendant.

On her second visit to the Palace, she was presented to the Queen, who took her into the royal nursery, and there, surrounded by the infant princes, drew from the actress the particulars of her eventful life. The marked favor bestowed upon her by the Queen, attracted around her most of the aristocratic families in London. Few actresses have engaged the admiration, and none the general popularity bestowed upon her as she passed through the saloons of London society. Amongst her most ardent admirers was the Earl of H. P., one of the wealthiest peers in Scotland. The news of the attachment aroused the family of the young earl, and in dread of his contracting an alliance with an actress, they appealed to the Queen, who declined any interference. By this time all London was alive with interest. Announcements were made in the Times of the marriage having taken place; the next morning it was contradicted in the Morning Post. At last the Earl of H. P. openly declared to his family his intention to marry the lady, without whom he could not live. On hearing this determination, Lady H. P.'s mother, sent to Miss Robertson an offer to endow her with a fortune of £10,000 sterling, if she would contract a marriage with any person of her own rank. The actress replied that "Lord H. had committed his suit so offensively, and his first offer had betrayed so little respect for her, that she could never feel anything but aversion for a person who had not scrupled to insult her feelings. Therefore, presuming that Lady H. P. was intended as an inducement to discourage her son, she begged, while declining it, to assure her that neither the rank nor the fortune of the earl could make her bestow her hand where she could not give her love or her esteem."

She arrived in this country in September, 1853, played a short

engagement at Montreal, and then appeared at Burton's Chambers-street Theatre, New York. The first paper to notice her was the New York Herald, proclaiming her as "the most popular star that the United States would ever see." Her first appearance in Philadelphia took place April 10th, 1854, at the Chestnut street Theatre, as Milly, and The Young Actress. Her Jessie Brown is one of the most finished pieces of acting to be found on the boards. She has visited, as a star, nearly all the cities in the United States, and is everywhere a great favorite. At present Miss Robertson is in England with her husband. [Next week, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, John Brougham, and the Jefferson Family.]

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 303.

From the Illustrated London News.

BY CHARLES WHITE.

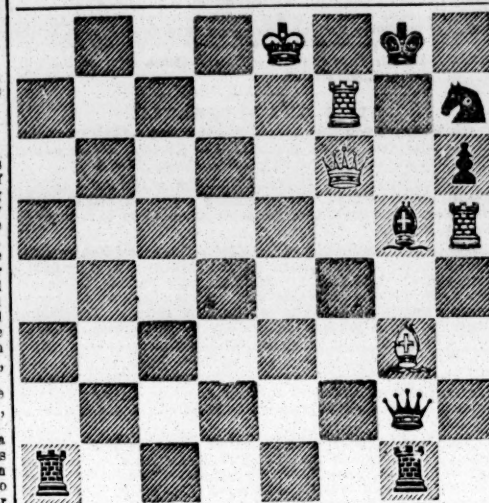


White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 303.

BY P. RICHARDSON.

BLACK.



White to play and compel Black to give mate in seven moves.

GAME No. 303.

The third partie of the Kolisch-Paulsen match.—Era.

Attack.	Defense.	Attack.	Defense.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	12. K Kt to B 3	P to K B 3
2. P-K B 4	K P to P	13. Q-K B 3	P-Q 4
3. K-B 4	K-B 4	14. K P to P	Q Kt-his 5
4. K-B 4	P-K 4	15. P-Q 6	K Kt-Q 4 (d)
5. Q Kt-B 3	K-B 4	16. P-Q 2	P-Q B 3
6. P-Q 4	K-K 2	17. Q-K Kt	Q Kt-K 4
7. P-K Kt 3 (a)	B 2 P to P	18. P-Q 4	Kt-K 3
8. K-Kt 2	P-Q 3 (b)	19. K-K 3	K-B home
9. P-K 2	Q-K 5	20. K-K 3	K-B 5 (7)
10. K-B 2	Q-K 5	21. Q-K 3	Q-K 5
11. Q-B 2	Q-K 5	22. Q-K 3	Q-K 5

(a) A move first adopted by McDonnell in his matches with La Bourdonnais. It is very effective, and requires the greatest care on the part of the Defense.

(b) K B to R 4 is generally considered better.

(c) The Attack has now regained the Gambi Pawn, and obtained a much preferable game.

(d) Very well played; it maintains the advantage in position.

(e) Not good; either Q P or Q Kt to Q 4th, had been much better.

(f) This is the winning move.

The 8th partie of the Kolisch-Anderssen London Match.

Herr Anderssen.	Herr Kolisch.	Herr Anderssen.	Herr Kolisch.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	25. K B to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
2. K-B 4	P-K 3	26. P-Q 4	Q-K 4
3. Q-K B 3	P-Q 3	27. Q-K 4	Kt-K 4
4. P-Q 4	Q-K B 3	28. P-Q 4	Kt-K 4
5. Q-B 4	P-Q 4	29. Q-K 4	P-K 3
6. K-B 2	Kt-K 3	30. Q-K 4	P-K 3
7. Q-B 3	Kt-K 3	31. Q-K 4	P-K 3
8. Q-B 3	Kt-K 3	32. Q-K 4	P-K 3
9. K-B 3	K-B 3	33. Q-K 4	P-K 3
10. K-B 3	K-B 3	34. Q-K 4	P-K 3
11. Q-K 3	K-B 3	35. Q-K 4	P-K 3
12. P-Q 5	P-K 3	36. Q-K 4	P-K 3
13. Q-K 3	P-K 3	37. Q-K 4	P-K 3
14. Q-K 3	P-K 3	38. Q-K 4	P-K 3
15. Q-K 3	P-K 3	39. Q-K 4	P-K 3
16. Q-K 3	P-K 3	40. Q-K 4	P-K 3
17. Q-K 3	P-K 3	41. Q-K 4	P-K 3
18. Q-K 3	P-K 3	42. Q-K 4	P-K 3
19. Q-K 3	P-K 3	43. Q-K 4	P-K 3
20. Q-K 3	P-K 3	44. Q-K 4	P-K 3
21. Q-K 3	P-K 3	45. Q-K 4	P-K 3
22. Q-K 3	P-K 3	46. Q-K 4	P-K 3
23. Q-K 3	P-K 3	47. Q-K 4	P-K 3
24. Q-K 3	P-K 3	48. Q-K 4	P-K 3
25. Q-K 3	P-K 3	49. Q-K 4	P-K 3
26. Q-K 3	P-K 3	50. Q-K 4	P-K 3
27. Q-K 3	P-K 3	51. Q-K 4	P-K 3
28. Q-K 3	P-K 3	52. Q-K 4	P-K 3
29. Q-K 3	P-K 3	53. Q-K 4	P-K 3
30. Q-K 3	P-K 3	54. Q-K 4	P-K 3
31. Q-K 3	P-K 3	55. Q-K 4	P-K 3
32. Q-K 3	P-K 3	56. Q-K 4	P-K 3
33. Q-K 3	P-K 3	57. Q-K 4	P-K 3
34. Q-K 3	P-K 3	58. Q-K 4	P-K 3
35. Q-K 3	P-K 3	59. Q-K 4	P-K 3
36. Q-K 3	P-K 3	60. Q-K 4	P-K 3
37. Q-K 3	P-K 3	61. Q-K 4	P-K 3
38. Q-K 3	P-K 3	62. Q-K 4	P-K 3
39. Q-K 3	P-K 3	63. Q-K 4	P-K 3
40. Q-K 3	P-K 3	64. Q-K 4	P-K 3
41. Q-K 3	P-K 3	65. Q-K 4	P-K 3
42. Q-K 3	P-K 3	66. Q-K 4	P-K 3
43. Q-K 3	P-K 3	67. Q-K 4	P-K 3
44. Q-K 3	P-K 3	68. Q-K 4	P-K 3
45. Q-K 3	P-K 3	69. Q-K 4	P-K 3
46. Q-K 3	P-K 3	70. Q-K 4	P-K 3
47. Q-K 3	P-K 3	71. Q-K 4	P-K 3
48. Q-K 3	P-K 3	72. Q-K 4	P-K 3
49. Q-K 3	P-K 3	73. Q-K 4	P-K 3
50. Q-K 3	P-K 3	74. Q-K 4	P-K 3
51. Q-K 3	P-K 3	75. Q-K 4	P-K 3
52. Q-K 3	P-K 3	76. Q-K 4	P-K 3
53. Q-K 3	P-K 3	77. Q-K 4	P-K 3
54. Q-K 3	P-K 3	78. Q-K 4	P-K 3
55. Q-K 3	P-K 3	79. Q-K 4	P-K 3
56. Q-K 3	P-K 3	80. Q-K 4	P-K 3
57. Q-K 3	P-K 3	81. Q-K 4	P-K 3
58. Q-K 3	P-K 3	82. Q-K 4	P-K 3
59. Q-K 3	P-K 3	83. Q-K 4	P-K 3
60. Q-K 3	P-K 3	84. Q-K 4	P-K 3
61. Q-K 3	P-K 3	85. Q-K 4	P-K 3
62. Q-K 3	P-K 3	86. Q-K 4	P-K 3
63. Q-K 3	P-K 3	87. Q-K 4	P-K 3
64. Q-K 3	P-K 3	88. Q-K 4	P-K 3
65. Q-K 3	P-K 3	89. Q-K 4	P-K 3
66. Q-K 3	P-K 3	90. Q-K 4	P-K 3
67. Q-K 3	P-K 3	91. Q-K 4	P-K 3
68. Q-K 3	P-K 3	92. Q-K 4	P-K 3
69. Q-K 3	P-K 3	93. Q-K 4	P-K 3
70. Q-K 3	P-K 3	94. Q-K 4	P-K 3
71. Q-K 3	P-K 3	95. Q-K 4	P-K 3
72. Q-K 3	P-K 3	96. Q-K 4	P-K 3
73. Q-K 3	P-K 3	97. Q-K 4	P-K 3
74. Q-K 3	P-K 3	98. Q-K 4	P-K 3
75. Q-K 3	P-K 3	99. Q-K 4	P-K 3
76. Q-K 3	P-K 3	100. Q-K 4	P-K 3

(g) The opening is played on both sides very timidly, which is not surprising when victory depends on either party winning only four games.

(h) The Defense certainly plays his opening, and all along here, with the greater directness of purpose; and a much superior game is his reward.

(i) Foreseeing where the pressure will be, exalting.

(j) Kt to R 5th, perhaps, have been better play.

(k) Subsequent analysis has shown that Herr K might have acquired a decided superiority in position by playing K Kt to K 4th in place of this move—Sankey.

(l) Herr Anderssen has pretty well overcome his difficulties now, but at one period the assault on his K 3 quarters looked very serious, and had it been well followed up, might have proved so.

(m) Referring we presume, to the substance of Mr. Stanley's note on move 26.—[Ed.]

(n) Kolisch, with a P move, and two passed P's, has apparently the advantage, but he plays the ending, as he played the beginning, with little of his usual spirit.

(o) The better course, we apprehend, would have been to take Q P, and then play Kt to Q B 5th.—Stanley.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHTS PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price \$2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.

Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNER'S STEPS GUIDE.—A new edition of the above work (by the CLIPPER DRAUGHT EDITOR) is now ready. (R. M. DeWitt, publisher, Franklin street, New York.) The book is precisely what its title indicates, containing the elements of the game as fully and beautifully printed on the paper. Gilt price 35 cents, post paid to all parts of the United States. Address FRANK QUINN, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

ner; he might have done more, but he let his opponent go down as well, that he was appalled from all parts of the ring.

28 to 33. Some little changes occurred in these rounds in favor of Lashbrook; but then a number or two from Parish soon altered it again.

34 to 37. Lashbrook displayed game of the first quality; and it was the opinion of the Amateurs, that ultimately he would last long for Parish.

38 to 43, and last. Lashbrook disputed every inch of ground like a man, and did not decline the contest while the shadow of a chance remained. Both of the men were in a very weak state. Lashbrook was severely punished about the head, and Parish did not win it in one hour and three minutes without exhibiting the handwork of his opponent. Parish was too good a fighter for Lashbrook, and possessed an excellent knowledge of the science. It was not perceived that any blunder was gathered for the losing man, from the confused state of the ring, and likewise the hurry displayed by all parties to start for London. Lashbrook exerted himself to the last moment to obtain success, and the "bravest or the brave" could do no more.

To the great surprise of the Amateurs, a third match, for £20 a side, was made between Joe Parish and Lashbrook. This battle was decided, after Dick Curtis had defeated Peter Warren, in a field contiguous to Colbrook, on Tuesday, July 23, 1822. After fighting nine rounds, in six of which Parish had decidedly the best, nay, more, was considered by the best judges to be winning the battle, a strange turn took place; and, amidst the murmuring of the spectators, it was declared to be a mixed-up concern, and nothing else but the rankest cross that had ever been attempted for many years. Parish, however, to all appearance, was carried out of the ring in a state of stupor by his second, Spring.

Joe, it might be said, was stopped in his pugilistic career, by repeated attacks of indisposition; however, Parish bade fair to have obtained a high place amongst the "light weights." In his day, he was an excellent boxer; and also, with the gloves, exhibited the Art of Self-Defence with the superior tactics of a master.

MILITARY SCIENCE.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

THE present system of tactics—that is, the rapid over the slow—is but a return to the first style of combat; and we find that as the change of fashion is but a repetition of the old, so in military affairs there is in the use of the bayonet a return to the hand-to-hand conflict of ancient days. It is quite strange to note how the science of war has been controlled, and even shaped, by the notions and prejudices of men. There has not been a great mind in military service for the last eighteen centuries, who has not left his mark on his age. One important fact has been established by the experience of ages, whatever may be the reaches of military science—personal strength and physical power will turn the scale. The only exceptions to this rule are found in the campaigns of Caesar with the Gauls. For instance, the ancient Athenians were considered a match with the Persians at one to ten; and at Marathon ten thousand of the former routed one hundred thousand of the latter in a pitched battle; yet one Spartan, owing to his superiority of nerve and vigor, was equal to six Athenians, as the latter in time learned to their cost. In ancient days a tolerable substitute for artillery was found in chariots of war, which were as fearful then as a battery would be at present. Alexander the Great, carrying out his father's system, got a new idea in the famous Macedonian Phalanx. This was a body of veterans whose march was in close column of wedge shape, and whose charge at the close of an action was irresistible. With thirty thousand of such troops, aided by levies among the conquered, Alexander subdued one half of Asia and penetrated to what is now British India. In three battles the Persian Empire was destroyed, and in one of these actions three hundred thousand were said to have been slain. After this era the Phalanx fell into disuse. The use of elephants, so common in India, even to a late day, never got in vogue in other nations. Pyrrhus, the Epirote, in his invasion of Italy at first terrified the Romans with a squadron of these animals, whose charge of ivory bayonets had never been heard of before. Twice the invaders triumphed, though at such expense of blood that their leader remarked that one more such victory would ruin him. At the next battle the Romans assailed the elephants with fire balls, whose blaze drove the excited beasts upon their masters, and the result was their entire defeat. This we find finely hit off in one of Macaulay's lays of ancient Rome—

"And Appian's gray culture
Shall have a noble feast,
On the fat and on the eyes
Of the huge earth-shaking beast."

The ancient Greeks advanced to the charge with solemn step, chanting their war song. The sling was used by skirmishers, but regulars flung their javelins, and then trusted to the well-nerved arm and heavy sword. The Romans, who affected the graces but little, omitted the war song, and saved their breath for the encounter; like the Greeks, the javelin (*pilum*) and the broadsword were their main weapons, while the buckler covered the body. In attacking walled towns, the troops marched in close column, with their shields over their heads, like the shell of a tortoise. This protected them while sapping the wall. How often does one meet in Caesar's Commentaries the term "*testudine facto*." With the javelin and broadsword, and with a complement of cavalry, Rome conquered the largest part of the known world. This seems wonderful when one realizes that all was done without the discharge of a musket, or the snap of a percussion cap; that never a breach was made by siege guns, nor a town "shelled," and that one of the most perplexing features of modern surgery was not even dreamed of—we refer to your shot wounds. The horrors of ancient warfare transcend all estimate; generally no quarter was asked or given. "*Vae victis*" became a Roman proverb. Hence the amazing slaughter which accompanied the victories of Marius and Caesar. Prisoners, when suffered to live, were sold into slavery, and in later days were slaughtered in gladiatorial shows—even thousands being pitted against each other in the Coliseum on a single occasion, and "butchered to make a Roman holiday." There were no military hospitals, and the wounded were left to perish. As their wounds were cuts instead of shots, they generally bled to death, and as the labor of burial was commonly omitted, the wolf, the kite and vulture finished the work.

"The kite knows well the loud, stern swell,
That bids the Roman cease."

The legionaries of ancient Rome were the most vigorous troops that the world has ever seen. Their labors would astonish even one of Napoleon's Old Guard. Each man was his own chaplain, surgeon, and, we might almost add, commissary. Besides helmet, greaves and cuirass of heavy brass, he bore a mixed-up burden of food and camp stuff of sixty pounds; in addition to this, the *pilum* was as heavy as a musket, to say nothing of the massive sword. The secret of the success of Roman arms was discipline, and the very name of an army, "*exercitus*," shows what its character must have been. We cannot wonder that such troops became the terror of the world; and yet we believe that even without artillery or musketry—but simply with the bayonet—the modern French army would drive them from the field. It is strange that the ancients had no weapon so fearful as this, and yet so simple.

COURAGE.—At the siege of Tortona, the commander of the army which lay before the town, ordered Carew, an Irish officer, in the service of Naples, to advance with a detachment to a particular post. Having given his orders, he whispered Carew, "Sir, I know you to be a gallant man; I have therefore put you upon this duty. I tell you in confidence, it is certain death to you all, I place you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you." Carew made a bow to the general, and then stood on his men in silence to the dreadful post. He then led with an undaunted countenance, and having called to one of his soldiers for a draught of wine, "Here," said he, "I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle." Fortunately at this instant Tortona capitulated, and Carew escaped that destruction, which he had so nobly displayed his readiness to encounter at the call of honor.

AMERICAN BILLIARDS.

RULES OF THE FOUR BALL GAME.

RULE I—ON STRINGING FOR THE LEAD.

Whoever, playing from within the string against the lower cushion, can bring his ball nearest to the cushion at which he stands, is entitled to the choice of lead and balls. Provided.

1st. That the player's ball, in stringing, be not touched any other ball on the table;

2d. Nor fallen into any of the pockets; in either case he loses the choice.

RULE II—ON LEADING.

1st. In leading, the player's ball must be played with sufficient strength to pass below the deep-red ball, or he loses his choice.

2d. It must not be played with so much strength as to re-pass the deep-red ball a second time, after having rebounded from the foot of the table. In this latter case, it is optional with the adversary to make the player spot his ball on the *pool spot*, play it over again, or take the lead himself.

RULE III—ON THE OPENING OF THE GAME.

Once the lead is made, the game is considered as commenced, and neither player can withdraw except under the circumstances hereafter specified. But no count or forfeiture can be made until each player has played one stroke.

RULE IV—ON FOUL STROKES.

The penalty for a foul stroke is this: that the player cannot count any points he may have made by such stroke, and that his adversary is entitled to the next play. The following are among the strokes called foul:

1st. If either player use his opponent's ball to play with, the stroke is foul; and, if successful, he cannot count, provided the error is found out before a second shot is made. But,

2d. Should two or more strokes have been made previous to the discovery, the reckoning cannot be disturbed, and the player may continue his game with the same ball. And,

3d. If it be found that the players have changed balls during the game, and if the change can be brought home to neither in particular, each must keep the ball he has, and let the game proceed.

4th. Should both the white balls be off the table together, and should either player, by mistake, pick up the wrong one and play with it, the stroke must stand, and he can count whatever he has made. [The reason of this is obvious; for both balls being in hand and having alike to play from any point within the string, no possible advantage could arise from using the other's ball. Whereas, when the balls are on the table, the case is totally different; for your opponent's ball might be advantageously placed, while your own was directly the reverse.]

5th. If a striker aim at a ball before it is fully at rest, or while any other ball is rolling on the table, the stroke is foul and no count can be effected.

6th. If, when in the act of taking aim, a player should touch the ball more than once with his cue, the stroke is considered foul.

7th. If the player, when pushing his own ball forward with the butt of his cue, does not withdraw the butt before the cue-ball touches the object-ball, the stroke is foul.

8th. If, when a red ball is holed, or forced off the table, the striker, before playing, does not see that said red ball is replaced upon its proper spot—supposing such spot to be unoccupied—the stroke he may make, while the red is not in its proper place, is foul. But should the spot be covered by any other ball, when the red is pocketed or forced off, the red must remain off the table until its proper position is vacant, and all the balls cease rolling.

9th. If, when the player's ball is in hand, he does not cause it to pass outside the string, before touching any of the object-balls or cushion, (except in a case mentioned in the following rule), the stroke is foul, and his opponent may choose whether he will play with the balls as they are, have them replaced in their original positions, or cause the stroke to be played over a second time; or, should the player make a losing hazard under such circumstances, the penalty may be enforced.

10th. Playing at a ball whose base, or point of contact with the table, is outside of the string, is considered playing out of the string; and the stroke is a fair one, even though the side which the cue-ball strikes is hanging over, and therefore within the string.

11th. If, after making a successful stroke, the player obstructs the free course of the balls upon the table, he becomes subject to the penalties of a foul stroke, and cannot score his points.

12th. If the player with his ball in hand, play at an object ball that is exactly on the string, the stroke is foul; for a ball on the string must be treated as if within it.

13th. If the striker, through stretching forward or otherwise, has not at least one foot on the floor while striking, the shot is foul, and no point can be reckoned.

14th. If a player shall alter the stroke he is about to make, at the suggestion of any party in the room—even if it be at the suggestion of his partner in a double match, except where a special agreement is made that partners may advise—the altered stroke which he plays is foul, and he cannot count any points that may be won thereby.

RULE V—ON FORFEITURES.

1st. If the player fails to hit any of the balls upon the table with his own ball, he forfeits one, which must be added to his adversary's count.

2d. The player forfeits two when his own ball is pocketed, after having touched a white one, and this totally irrespective of its having touched one or both of the reds.

But there is one case connected with the lead, in which a person can lose three even after touching the white—to wit: when he first strikes the red, and then pockets himself off his opponent's ball. In all other cases, he can only lose two, when his own ball shall have touched his opponent's before going into the pocket. The additional penalty of one in this case is exacted for having first touched the red.

3d. He forfeits two to his opponent, also, when he causes his ball to jump off the table or lodge on the top of the cushion, after having touched his opponent's ball.

4th. When his own ball is pocketed, or jumps off the table, or lodges on the cushion, as before described, without either having touched any ball at all, or having only touched one or more red ones, the player forfeits three.

[In and around New York, three is the highest number that a player can be mulcted in for any single stroke; but, in some other parts of the Union, they add to this forfeiture any number of points which he may otherwise have made by the stroke. Surely the penalty of three, and to lose his count and hand, ought to be enough to satisfy a Shylock.]

5th. If the player cause any ball to jump off the table, and should it, by striking against any of the by-standers, be flung back upon the board, it must still be looked upon and treated as if it had fallen to the floor. If a red ball, it must be spotted; if a white one, held in hand; and if it be the cue-ball, the player shall forfeit two or three to his opponent, conformably to the terms laid down in the two preceding paragraphs.

6th. Though the striker, when playing with the wrong ball, cannot count what points he may make, except in those cases mentioned in the second, third and fourth paragraphs of Rule IV; nevertheless, whatever forfeitures he may incur while playing with the wrong ball, he is bound to pay, as if he had been playing with his own.

7th. Any player who has commenced a game, as specified in Rule II, must either finish or forfeit it, except under the circumstances particularly set forth in Rule VII.

RULE VI—ON CASES WHERE THE BALLS ARE IN CONTACT.

According to the old rule observed in New York, if the cue ball were in actual contact with any other, no count could be made by the player under any circumstances, though he would be obliged to strike and separate the balls at least one inch. This rule was manifestly unjust,

and its injustice heightened by the fact that while the player could not win, he could lose as in common cases, should he either pocket his own ball, cause it to jump off the table or lodge on the cushion. Unjust in itself and different from the practice in most other places, it was further aggravated by the difficulty recently experienced of finding balls of well-seasoned ivory—almost all new balls being incorrect from shrinkage after a little use, and therefore apt to fall together from no want of skill on the player's part.

For these considerations therefore, and in obedience to the wish repeatedly expressed by players in this city and from all parts of the country, we think it would be better to make the rule on the subject read thus:

1st. When the cue-ball is in contact with any other, the player can make no count unless he first plays against some other ball with which his own was not in contact. But a count can be made on the ball with which his own was in contact, provided he shall have first played on any other ball on the board.

2d. This stipulation observed, the play can then be pursued entirely as if the balls had not been in contact.

RULE VII—ON WITHDRAWING FROM, WITHOUT FINISHING A GAME.

1st. The player may protest against his adversary's standing in front of him, or in such close proximity as to disarrange his aim.

2d. Also, against loud talking, or any other annoyance by his opponent, while he is making his play.

3d. Also, against being refused the use of the bridge, or any other of the instruments used in that room in playing, except where a special stipulation to the contrary was made before commencing the game.

4th. Or, in case his adversary shall refuse to abide by the marker's, or company's decision on a disputed point, which it was agreed between them to submit to the marker, or company, for arbitration; in any one, or all of the foregoing cases, if the discourtesy be persisted in, the party aggrieved is at liberty to withdraw, and the game shall be considered as drawn, and any stakes which may have been depending on such, must be returned.

5th. Should the interruption or annoyance have been accidental, the marker, if so requested by the player, who is entitled to repeat his stroke, must replace the balls as near as possible in the position they occupied before the player made the stroke in which he was interrupted.

RULE VIII—ON CASES IN WHICH THE MARKER MUST REPLACE THE BALLS, IF CALLED ON, AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE IN THEIR FORMER POSITION.

1st. In the case mentioned in the 5th paragraph of preceding rule.

2d. Where any of the balls when at rest are moved by accident.

3d. Where any of the balls while rolling, are suddenly obstructed, either by accident or design. In this case the marker, if so requested by the players, shall place the interrupted ball as nearly as possible in the situation which it would apparently have occupied had it not been stopped.

4th. Where the cue-ball, resting on the edge of a pocket, drops into it, before the striker has time to play.

5th. Where the object-ball, in a similar position, is rolled back into the pocket by any of the ordinary vibrations of the table or atmosphere.

6th. In all cases aforementioned, where it is specified that in consequence of a foul stroke, the player's opponent shall have the option, either of playing at balls as they are, or causing them to be replaced by the marker.

7th. When either or both of the red balls are pocketed, or forced off the table, it is the marker's duty to spot them before another stroke is played—except the spot appropriate to either be occupied by one of the playing balls, in which case the red one must be kept in hand until its position is uncovered.

8th. If, after playing a ball, the player should attempt to obstruct or accelerate its progress by striking it again, blowing at it, or any other means, his opponent may either play at the balls as they stand, or call upon the marker to replace them in the position they would otherwise have occupied.

9th. If the striker, in the act of taking aim, or otherwise, move his ball ever so little, it is a stroke; and should he strike the ball again, his opponent has the same option as in the preceding paragraph.

RULE IX—ON THE DUTY OF PLAYERS TO EACH OTHER.

1st. Each player must look after his own interest, and exercise his own discretion. His opponent can not be called on to answer such questions as "Is the ball outside or inside the string?" "Are the balls in contact?" and so forth. These are questions for the player's own judgment to decide.

2d. Each player should attend strictly to his own game, and never interfere with his adversary's, except when a foul stroke or some other violation of these rules may call for forfeiture.

RULE X—ON THE DUTY OF THE MARKER, AND THE SPECTATORS, TO THE PLAYERS.

1st. In a single game, no one, not even the marker, has a right to interfere with the play, or point out an error which either has been or is about to be committed. The player to whose prejudice the foul stroke is made, must find that out for himself.

2d. Even after a stroke has been made, no one in the room has any right to comment on it, either for praise or blame; for the same stroke may occur again in the course of the game, and the player's play be materially altered by the criticism to which he has just been listening.

3d. Let marker and spectators keep their places as much as possible, for if they crowd or move around the table, they are liable to interfere with the players, and certain to distract their attention.

4th. When the spectators are appealed to by the marker, for their opinion on a point which he has been asked, but finds himself unable to decide, such of them as are well acquainted with the game should answer according to the best of their knowledge and belief. Those who know little or nothing of the game would oblige themselves and others by at once confessing their incompetency. Either they may not have seen the disputed stroke, or seeing it, they may not have been familiar with its merits.

RULE XI—ON THE MARKER'S DUTIES IN PARTICULAR.

The marker's duties may be thus summed up:

1st. To proclaim each count in a voice that can be heard by the player at his own table.

2d. To post the total run made by each player before the next begins to strike.

3d. To spot the balls when necessary.

4th. To furnish the bridge and other implements of the game, when called for.

5th. To see that the player be not obstructed in his stroke by being crowded by the spectators.

6th. To decide without fear or favor all questions of order and fairness which shall be officially laid before him for his opinion. But,

7th. Let him never volunteer a remark upon any portion of the game.

8th. Let him never touch a ball himself, nor allow any other person except the players to touch one, except when officially called upon to replace the balls, as specified in Rule VII, or when asked to decide as to which is the ball that properly belongs to the player. In this case, should the spot be turned down on the table, he may lift the ball to ascertain the fact—but never let him touch them voluntarily.

9th. Finally, when called upon to decide a disputed point, of which he has no personal knowledge—the fairness of a shot which was made when he was looking elsewhere, for instance—let him proclaim silence, and take the opinion of such of the company as avow themselves competent to judge. The voice of the majority should be allowed to settle all debate; but should their decision be flagrantly in conflict with any of the well-known and admitted rules hereinbefore laid down, the

party who fancies himself aggrieved may give notice of appeal to lay the question before what the lawyers would call "a jury of experts"—the marker, meanwhile, or some other responsible party, holding the bets, if any, which depend on the decision. This appeal is final; and must be made before another stroke is played.

FURTHER RULES FOR THE FOREGOING GAME,

WHEN PLAYED AS A FOUR-HANDED MATCH.

In a four-handed match—two playing in partnership against two—the foregoing rules of the single game must be substantially observed, with the following additions:

1st. Each winning hazard made by the player puts the opponent who preceded him out of play. Consequently, the partner of the party so put out, steps in and takes his place.

2d. But if the player makes a losing hazard, (pockets his own ball,) or makes two misses in succession, or causes his ball to jump off the table, or lodge on the cushion, he loses his hand, and must resign it to his partner.

3d. In this double match the player's partner is at liberty to warn him against playing with the wrong ball, or playing, when his ball is in hand, at an object-ball within the string; but he must not give him any advice as to the most advantageous mode of play, &c., &c., except it has been otherwise agreed before the opening of the game.

FURTHER RULES OF THE SAME GAME,

WHEN PLAYED BY THREE INDEPENDENT PLAYERS.

RULE XII.

The rules of the single American game are substantially binding on the three handed game, with the following additions, to meet the increase of players:

1st. The players commence by stringing for the lead, and he who brings his ball nearest to the cushion (as in the single game) wins the choice of lead, balls and play; and he who brings his ball next nearest to the cushion has next choice of play. The third player cannot enter into the game until the first hazard is made, or until one of the players pockets his own ball, or makes two misses in succession, or causes his own ball to jump off the table or lodge on the cushion.

2d. All forfeitures in this game count for both of the opponents, at the same rate as in the single-handed game.

3d. If a player makes two misses in succession, or pockets his own ball, or causes his ball to jump from the table, his hand is out.

4th. He who can first make sixty-six points is out; the other two continue until one reaches the hundred.

5th. When he who has first made sixty-six retires from the game, the player whose hand is out adopts his ball, as that ball is entitled to its run, and also to the next play.

6th. If the player should cause both his opponents to become sixty-six by a forfeiture, neither of the parties can claim game thereon, but must win it by their next count. But if only one of the opponents be in a position to become sixty-six by a forfeiture, then the forfeiture reckons as usual, and that opponent wins the game when such forfeiture is made.

So much for the American, or four-ball game.

THE PANTHER HUNTER.

ON the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, lived some years ago, an individual whose life had been devoted to the woods and the storm. He had grown old in the forest, but like the aged and knotty oak, a vestige still remained of his antiquity and hardihood. When I saw him first he reminded me of a dilapidated and deserted fortress, decaying, but still strong. I courted his acquaintance, and many is the time that I have warmed myself, during the dreary months, at the bright fire the industry of age had kindled. I loved the old man, but that love could not have originated in pity for his misfortune; no; he was happy as spring birds! The only regret he ever expressed was that the "*clearings*" around had driven away the game. He was himself a pioneer of the forest, and civilization had deprived him of half its charms, yet he would tell over the tales of his eventful life, and weep and laugh as he recollected them. "Oh," said he once to me, "I have seen the footprints of the Indian and the panther, where now the fields are white with harvest; they have passed away with the wilderness, and my own gray head will soon lie down in the dust—I must not murmur—yet I shall be the last who have witnessed nature on this spot in her simple and solitary grandeur; but if I could once again exhibit a panther skin as the trophy of my age, I could even forget that."

The day was fast waning away, and the shades of the surrounding trees enveloped the watchful hunter as he paced the margin of an almost inaccessible ravine, eager to discover his prey; but the panther appeared not, and he began to fear he had been doomed to watch in vain. At length, he leaned his rifle against a tree, and commenced partaking a scanty repast he had provided; all was still around him—his dog lay quietly by his rifle—a few yards beyond him the clear and sparkling waters of the West Branch might be seen meandering in loveliness beneath the craggy bank or precipice, lifting itself towards the skies more than a hundred feet. Thitherward the hunter strayed, looking upon the stream and valley below, crimsoned by the setting sun, while thoughts of other days chased one another across his brain as summer clouds cast their flickering shadows over a harvest field. He was aroused from his lethargy by a rustling in the shrubbery near him, and turning, he beheld a panther cross his path. He shuddered, for his rifle still leaned against the tree, where he left it, and the panther was between him and the tree. "Oh, God," he cried, "be thou merciful to me." The animal seemed to have observed him, and springing into the tree, with a growl, now surveyed the horror-stricken hunter, while his fierce and fiery gaze made him recoil to the very brink of the precipice. He cast his eyes over the abyss—there was no retreat—death stared him in the face on either side, and he gave himself up to the hopelessness of despair. Yet there might be hope—he held his knife in one hand, whilst unconscious of what he did, he firmly grasped a small sapling with the other; his dog, however, instead of relieving his fears, only excited them, irritating his foe with an angry bark, as it lay coiled upon the limb like a cat ready to spring upon her prey; but still this spring was delayed, as if it felt conscious that its prey was sure, and a pleasure in holding its victim in terrific suspense. At length, ripping up the bark with a tremendous and quick growl, it drew its recumbent length together, then suddenly expanding itself sprang through the air towards its victim. The hunter, who had eagerly watched his motions, with a shriek of horror sprang aside, but fortunately held to the sapling with an almost convulsive grasp. The sharp claws of the animal fixed in his clothing and seemed nigh to have carried him headlong with it over the dread abyss—for a moment it seemed that the panther would recover its footing, but with an intuitive presence of mind the old man ripped asunder his clothing, and it fell from crag to crag, marking the sharp projection of the rocks with its blood, till the welcome sound of its fall to the earth, struck on his ears as joyfully as the sound of liberty to the captive. He rushed forward to his rifle, fearful, perhaps, that life, was not extinct in his enemy. Soon, however, the contents of his piece were lodged in the head of his foe. The hunter exhibited his trophy, but the terror and toil had been too great—he expired in a short time after.

THE FIRST DUEL that was ever fought in the Union, was in New England. In 1621, a year after the first settlement of these States, two servants, burning with fierce resentment against each other chose what was then called the "honorable way" in France and England, of quenching their enmity. They met on the field—bravely fought—but both escaped unhurt. The Puritans of those days instantly seized them, and for such a "mis-laying and un-godlike crime against the peace and good order of their societies," they condemned the wicked transgressors to be tied hand and foot, and to wholly abstain, for the space of twenty-four hours, from drink or food.

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MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5th, 1861. The Hall has been most
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The company this season will comprise the following popular
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Under the direction and management of
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REBOLD THE TALENT AND VERSATILITY CONCENTRATED AT
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the beautiful and talented Vocalist, Actress and Dancer.
THE BROADWAY MINSTRELS.

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BILLY BIRCH, BEN COTTON,
TONY PASTOR, J. A. HERMAN, TIM NORTON,
M. AINSLEY SCOTT, J. PIERRE,
THE SHULZIS SISTERS.

MILE KATARINA, MISS IDA ROSS.
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MONS. PAUL BRILLANT.

Also, Signor Carlo's great Pantomime of
THE APE OF BORNIO;
OR, LIFE BENEATH THE WAVES.

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444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.
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FULL AND TALENTED COMPANY!
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PAUL BRILLANT AND BALLET TROUPE.
MISS EMILY LEMAY, MISS MILLIE FLORA,
MISS KATE HARRISON, MISS MARY BLAKE,
MISS HARRY ENGEL, MISS ANNE HARRISON,
MISS F. MONNELL, MISS ELIZA FLORENCE,
MISS CLARA WALTERS, the pleasing Vocalist.

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Led by MR. JOHN SANDERS.
GEORGE R. EDSON, Stage Manager.

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OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON.
GRAND RE-OPENING, MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS.

Respectfully announce that they will commence their
FIFTH ANNUAL SEASON AS ABOVE.
THE HOUSE HAS BEEN ENTIRELY REMODELED, ENLARGED,
AND BEAUTIFULY STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF
SCENERY, TRAPS AND STAGE EFFECTS.

The company consists of the following talented artists:—
LON MORRIS, E. BOWERS, CARL TROUTMAN,
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J. C. TROWBRIDGE, ROLLIN HOWARD, FRID HESS,
J. W. PRESCOTT, J. H. HILLIARD, D. J. MAGUINNA,
J. S. GILBERT, J. C. HILLIARD.

Nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past
favours. LON MORRIS, Manager. 31

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.
NOW IN EUROPE,
Performing with that success heretofore unknown in the
ANNALS OF MINSTRELS.

THE COMPANY NOW ATTACHED ARE:
H. S. RUMSEY, W. W. NEWCOMB,
J. H. DULEY, LITTLE BOBBY,
J. T. EMERSON, W. LEWIS,
J. BURGESS, W. BLANEY,
RUDOLPH HALL, W. REEVE,
J. H. KELLOGG, J. E. HART,
B. MALLARD, J. W. ADAMS,
JAMES UNSWORTH, MASTER EUGENE.

Each member being selected for his superior excellence and indi-
vidual talent. RUMSEY & NEWCOMB, Proprietors. 24-3m

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Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.

Prices of Admission:
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar.
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Professionals should bear in mind that Mr. Maguire not only has
the finest theatre in San Francisco, but that he also has under his
direction the theatres of Sacramento and Marysville. The influence
of these establishments inure to the benefit of all those who en-
gage with Mr. Maguire.

BURTON'S VARIETIES, BROOKLYN.
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NEW FACES! NEW ACTS! NEW PERFORMANCES!
We still adhere to the old motto—FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.
New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques,
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Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to
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STUCKNEY'S GREAT NATIONAL CIRCUS.

Being the only Circus Company now performing in the United States.
ALL THE EQUESTRIAN TALENT IN THE COUNTRY
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PERFORMANCES EVERY EVENING IN THE WEEK,
ALSO
ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

Consisting of
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STARTLING AERIAL FEATS,
ELEGANT GYMNASTICS, POSES, and TABLEAUX.

By the first Riders and Artists in the Profession.
Doors open at 6 o'clock; performances commence at 7 o'clock.
Boxes 25 cents; Parquet 12 cts; Gallery 10 cts. Balcony Chairs 50 cents.
Children admitted to Boxes at the Afternoon performance for
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GLORIOUS SUCCESS,
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TREMENDOUS ENTHUSIASM.
WILD SHOUTS OF APPROBATION.
PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK HAND IN HAND.
THE OLYMPIC A FIXED FACT.

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Eclipse everything in the same line.

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MISS ADELAIDE PRICE,
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Great success of the new Burlesque
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By J. H. BUDWORTH and the whole company.
A. M. HERNANDIZ.

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THE CANTERBURY MINSTRELS every night.
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For particulars see small bills. 29-1f

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turned to the city from a tour of six months through the States of
New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York and the Pro-
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LA GRAND B. CUSHMAN and MISS LOUISE BENNETT, why do
you not answer Charlie's letters that were sent to Pulaski, Mexico,
and Oswego. 32-1f

WE have letters for Miss Kate Fisher, James Gaynor, violin-
ist, Mad. Ant. Bishop; Miss Fanny Denham; Mr. W. Arlington;
and Mr. Tim Hayes.

CITY SUMMARY.
MONDAY, NOV. 18 '61.

"Hang out our banners on the outer walls, the cry is still there!"
run. Thus sing we—referring, as our free and enlightened readers
have no doubt discovered, to the "hoisting of the rag" on Morris
Walker and Beauregard, and the flight of the rebels to more healthy
climes. We have had a week of joy and excitement, beginning with
official news of the successful landing of true-hearted Union troops
on South Carolina soil, and culminating in the important arrest of
those arch traitors, Sill and Mason. To say that the cheering
aspect of the war during the week did not interfere with indoor
amusements would be stretching the truth a little; for the theatres
"let down" somewhat, in spite of a paper "issue" to keep up ap-
pearances. Everybody was so overjoyed at the beautiful turn our
national arms are taking, that nearly everybody preferred to stay
at home, and have a good family talk and jubilee over the "latest
dispatches from the seat of war." And in public places, also, the
"Naval Expedition" was the topic of conversation between the acts.
Even lovers—who have very little time to do anything at a theatre
but to twine their arms unknowingly around the tender forms of
the future partners of their bosoms and pork and beans, and utter
sweet words of love and eternal devotion—were not at all inter-
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BEAR BAITING.

Publics, student at the common law,
Of leaves his books, and for his recreation
To Parish-garden doth himself withdraw,
Where he is ravish with such delectation,
As down amongst the bears and dogs he goes.
EPICURUS, 1598.

The amusement of bear-baiting, cruel and barbarous as it now appears, was undoubtedly one of the most popular diversions of our forefathers, and not of the commonalty only, for it was patronized by the gentry, the nobility, and even by Royalty itself. The most notable place for the exhibition of this sport in London was on the Bankside, Southwark. Here were, from a period the exact date of which is unknown, but certainly before Henry VIII., two famous gardens set apart for bull and bear baiting. Whether these rough games took place in the same or in similar amphitheatres to those afterwards engraved in the old plans of London, or in the open air, is uncertain. Even Stow merely tells us that there were on the west bank "two bear gardens, the old and the new; places wherein were kept bears, bulls, and other beasts to be baited; as also mastives in several kennels, nourished to bayt them." These bears and other beasts, he adds, "are there kept in plots of ground scaffolded about for the beholders to stand safe." In Aggas' plan, taken 1574, and in the plan of Braun, made about the same time, these plots are engraved, with the addition of two circles for the accommodation of the spectators, bearing the names of the "Bowl Bayting" and the "Beare Baytinge." In both plans the buildings appear to be completely circular, and were evidently designed in humble imitation of the ancient Roman amphitheatre. They stood in two adjoining fields, separated only by a small strip of land; but some differences are observable in the spots on which they are built. In Aggas' plan, which is the earlier, the disjoining strip of ground contains only one pond, common to the two gardens; but in Braun's this appears divided into three ponds, besides a similar convenience near each theatre. The use of these ponds is explained in "Brown's Travels" (1685), where there is given a plate of the "Electors of Saxony his Beare-garden at Dresden," in which is a large pond, with several bears amusing themselves in it; his account of which is highly curious. "In the hunting house in the old town," he observes, "are fifteen bears, very well provided for and looked unto. They have fountains and ponds to wash themselves in, wherein they much delight; and near to the ponds are high ragged posts or trees, set up for the bears to climb up, and scaffolds made at the top to sun and dry themselves, where they will also sleep, and come and go as the keeper calls them." The ponds and the dog-kennels for bears and dogs are clearly marked in the plan mentioned; and the construction of the amphitheatres themselves may be tolerably well conceived, notwithstanding the diminutive scale on which they are drawn. They evidently consisted within side of a lower tier of circular seats for the spectators, at the back of which a sort of screen ran all round, in part open, so as to admit a view from without. The buildings are unroofed, and in both plans are shown during the time of performance—a fact denoted in Aggas' view by the display of little flags or streamers on the top. The dogs are tied up in slips near, each ready for the sport, and the combatants are actually engaged in the plan of Braun. Bear baiting, however, existed in England long before the date of these maps. In the Northumberland Household Book, compiled in the reign of Henry VII., there are two or three entries concerning his "Lordship's barward." We gather from one Crowley, a poet of the time of Henry VIII., that the exhibitions were then on a Sunday, and that the price of admission was a halfpenny each person.

At Paris garden each Sunday a man shall not fail
To find two or three hundred for the barward's sale:
One halfpenny a piece they need for to give,
When some have no more in their purses I believe.

On one of those Sundays a dire calamity occurred at the Southwark Bear garden. During the performance the scaffolding suddenly gave way, and multitudes of the people were killed or miserably maimed. This, of course, was accounted a judgment, and the Lord Mayor of that year wrote on the occasion to the Lord Treasurer, "that it gave great reason to acknowledge the hand of God for breach of the Lord's Day," and moved him to prevent any further exhibitions of the kind on Sunday. Little notice, however, was taken of the application; the accident was speedily forgot, and the ferocious amusement was soon as much pursued as ever. It was introduced, too, among the princely pleasures of Kenilworth when Queen Elizabeth made her world-renowned visit to the Earl of Leicester, in 1576, and seems to have formed the chief amusement of the lower orders until nearly a century later. In the succeeding reign, the general introduction of the drama operated as some check to the abominable pastime, and one of these amphitheatres gave place to the famous "Globe" Theatre. The other continued as it was long afterwards. About the beginning of James the First's reign it was rebuilt, indeed, on a larger scale, of an octagonal form, like the other theatres on Bankside. At this period, the Bear garden was under the immediate protection of royalty, and the mastership of it made a patent place. The celebrated actor Alleyn, the benevolent founder of Dulwich College, was for some time master of the "Royal Bear Garden on the Bankside," and is said to have realised a large sum of money by the post. The old Bear garden on Bankside, and the Globe Theatre, wherein many of Shakespeare's plays were originally represented, and where the immortal dramatist himself performed, were in the manor or liberty of Paris (or, as it was sometimes called, Parish) Garden. Near them, and in the same manor, were the "Hope," the "Swan," and the "Rose" Theatres. From an ancient survey on vellum, made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it appears that "Olde Paris Garden-lane" ran from Bankside in the direction of the present Blackfriars-road to stairs at the river's side, near to, or perhaps on, the exact spot now occupied by the Surrey end of Blackfriars Bridge; and opposite to this lane, in the road of the Bankside, stood an old stone cross, which, therefore, were it remaining, would now stand in the Blackfriars road near Holland street. In this street, opposite to what is now the Falcon Glasshouse, once stood the old Falcon Tavern, celebrated for having been the resort of Shakespeare and his dramatic brethren from the neighboring "Globe." Within the last sixty years the Falcon Inn was a house of considerable business, and the place whence coaches went to all parts of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. In 1805, before the old house was demolished, Mr. Wilkinson, of Cornhill, had a drawing made and published an engraving of it. "The Bull and Bear Baiting" garden was two or three hundred yards eastward of the Falcon, and beyond were the Globe and the other dramatic theatres just noticed. The site of the old Bear garden, still retaining its ancient name, is now occupied by an extensive iron foundry. The royal officer called the "Master of the King's Games of Bears, Bulls, and Dogs" under Queen Elizabeth and King James I., had a fee of 1s. 4d. per diem. Sir John Dorrington held the office in 1600, when he was commanded on a short notice to exhibit before the Queen in the Tiltyard; but not having a proper stock of animals, he was compelled to apply to Alleyn and Henslowe, of the Paris Bear garden, in Southwark, for their assistance. On his death, King James granted the office to Sir William Steward, who, it seems, interrupted Alleyn and Henslowe on the plea that they had no license, and yet refused to buy their stock at a reasonable valuation, so that they were obliged to purchase his patent. Alleyn and Henslowe complained of this in a petition, full of curious matter, which they sent to the King. The latest patent discovered to have been granted for the office of master of the bears, bulls, and dogs, is that to Sir Sanders Duncombe, in 1659, for the sole practising and profit of the fighting and combating of wild and domestic beasts in England for fourteen years. It does not appear at what period the bear baiting was discontinued, but Styrpe, in his first edition of Stow, published in 1720, speaking of

"Bear-alley," on this spot, says:—"Here is a glass-house, and about the middle of a new-built court, well inhabited, called Bear Garden-square, so called as built in the place where the Bear Garden formerly stood, until removed to the other side of the water, which is more convenient for the butchers and such like who are taken with such rustic sports as the baiting of bears and bulls."—*III. London News.*

HISTORY OF PANTOMIMES.

This species of entertainment was known to the Greek and Roman stages, and, in the time of Augustus Cæsar, was introduced on the latter by Pylades and Bathylus. Pliny relates that "Numidia Quadrattilla, a Roman lady exceedingly devoted to the pleasures of the town, retained a set of pantomimes," and was an encourager of this sort of people, to a degree inconsistent with a person of her sex and rank. I once heard say, when she was recommending the studies of her grandson to my inspection, that it was her custom, in order to pass away some of those unemployed hours with which female life abounds, to amuse herself with playing at chess, or seeing the mimicry of her pantomimes; but that, whenever she engaged in either of those amusements, she constantly dismissed her grandson to his studies; a dismissal which proceeded, I am inclined to think, as much out of a certain reverential awe she felt upon those occasions in the presence of the youth, as from her affection towards him. I was a good deal surprised at what Quadrattilla told me the last time the pontifical games were exhibited. As we were coming out of the theatre together, where we had been entertained by her pantomimes, *Do you know*, said he, *this is the first time I ever saw Quadrattilla's freedom dance?* Such was the striking declaration her grandson made, while a set of men, of a far different character, in order to do honor to Quadrattilla (I am ashamed to call it *honor*) with the lowest and grossest flattery, were running up and down the theatre, affecting the utmost admiration and rapture at the performance of these her pantomimes, and then imitating, in musical chant, the *mien* and *manner* of their lady patroness." These pantomimes were introduced at most of the tables of the great, for the purposes of mirth and gaiety, and constituted an essential part in all polite entertainments among the Romans. It is surprising how soon this great people deviated from their original severity of manners, and were tainted with the corruption of foreign luxury. Livy dates the rise of this and other unmanly delicacies, from the conquest of Scipio Asiaticus over Antiochus; that is, when the Republic had scarcely subsisted above a hundred and fourscore years. This triumphant army caught, it seems, the contaminating diversions of the people it subdued; and, at its return to Rome, scattered infection among their countrymen, which spread, by slow degrees, till it effected their total destruction. From the Augustan era to the Victorian, various modifications of this representation have taken place, and the lofty scenes of ancient pantomime have degenerated into the *bizarre* adventures of harlequin, pantaloon, and merry Andrew.

Pantomime first dawned, in the year 1702, at Drury Lane, in an entertainment called "The Tavern Bilkers." It died the fifth night. It was invented by one Weaver, a dancing-master at Shrewsbury, who, from the encouragement of the nobility, invented a second, called "The Loves of Mars and Venus," which was performed, at the same theatre, in 1716, with vast success.

In January, 1717, some dancers went to England from France, in company with one Swarts, a German. This man had two dogs, that he had taught to dance the loure and minnet. They were immediately engaged by Rich, at ten pounds per night, and brought about twenty good houses. The popularity of these performances seems to have outlived the patience of the admirers of the legitimate drama; and the result was a riot, in the year 1744, in which the philosopher of Strawberry Hill (Horace Walpole) accidentally figured as a ringleader. In a letter to Horace Mann, he tells the story in his own lively style. "It costs me nothing, so I shall write on and tell you an adventure of my own. The town has been trying all the winter, to beat pantomimes off the stage very boisterously, for it is the way here to make even an affair of taste and sense, a matter of riot and arms. Fleetwood, the master of Drury Lane, has omitted nothing to support them, as they supported his house. About ten days ago, he let into the pit great numbers of bear-garden bruisers (that is the term) to knock down every body that hissed! The pit rallied their forces, and drove them out; I was sitting very quietly in the side boxes, contemplating all this. On a sudden, the curtain flew up and discovered the whole stage filled with blackguards, armed with bludgeons and clubs, to menace the audience. This raised the greatest uproar, and, amongst the rest, who should fly into a passion, but your friend, the philosopher? In short, one of the actors, advanced to the front of the stage, to make an apology for the manager; he had scarce begun to say, 'Mr. Fleetwood—' when your friend, with a most audible voice, and dignity of anger, called out, 'He is an impudent rascal!' The whole pit huzzed and repeated the words; only think of my being a popular orator! But what was still better, while my shadow of a person was dilating to the consistence of a hero, one of the chief ringleaders of the riot, coming under the box where I sat, and pulling off his hat, said, 'Mr. Walpole, what would you please to have us do next?' It is impossible to describe to you the confusion into which this apostrophe threw me. I sank down into the box, and have never since ventured to set my foot into the play-house."

Pantomimes have few means of deceiving, except they induce a belief in any degree that vice is virtue. This, it must be allowed, is directly the reverse of their tendency, for their plots being furnished by the romances of the nurseries, the exaltation of virtue is sure to be the consequence. There is, perhaps, too great an indulgence of objects of deception, and particularly of terror; because pantomimes are chiefly intended for children, and because deception and terror should never be presented before children, unless in the company of those who can turn them into lessons of real information. Their utility may then be great; for, to the young, they are exceedingly amusing, and, so far, exceedingly good."

These pantomimes were, as their name imports, universal mimics, whose humor consisted in imitating the peculiar manner and gesture of particular persons. They were at first introduced upon the stage, as Scaliger supposes, to succeed the chorus and comedies, and divert the audience with buffoon postures and antic dances. In after times, those interludes became distinct entertainments, and were exhibited apart from other plays. But the use of these pantomimes was not confined to the stage only; for Suetonius informs us, they were introduced in funeral solemnities, in order to represent the manner of the deceased.

The priests, as well as other magistrates, exhibited public games to the people when they entered upon their office. It should seem, by what follows, that Quadrattilla had lent her troop of pantomimes to honor the celebration of these pontifical games.

Pliny alludes here to the *Capitativa*, or legacy hunters; a contemptible character, extremely common among the Romans in the decline of their state, when the prevailing luxury of the times rendered too many of them, in order to supply their extravagance, capable of any meanness to obtain a pecuniary remembrance in the wills of their wealthy acquaintance, and too much mortified not to complain when they found themselves disappointed.

During the celebrated "O. P." riot, at Covent Garden, a party of rowdies was imprudently introduced into the pit, and a body of constables (1) armed with staves of authority. For awhile, in the gallery, there was a delusive calm; but, as the curtain drew up, the actors were saluted with the customary hisses and groans. The constables and fighting men, however, were not waiting in activity, and though stoutly opposed, they had, before half-play, clearly the advantage. But, when the pit began to fill, the yell of horror was raised, and, in five minutes, a hundred fists were clenched in savage hostility. The people were exasperated, almost to frenzy, at the idea that brutal force was thus employed to compel them to submission, and the evening closed in unquieted confusion. The benches were torn up, and the fragments hurled in every direction.

STORM AT SEA.—In a storm at sea, the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. "O yes," replied the sailor, "if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock to-night." The chaplain, terrified at the expression, cried out, "Shall we? The Lord forbid!"

A MILITARY MILE.

We have to chronicle this week an event which convulsed the "fancy" of the regiment. Two members of the P. R. got into an altercation. Everything was brought forward to damage the private character of each—some truth, and some poetry. Dialecting like all true knights of the pugilistic profession, to engage in a "rough and tumble" scrimmage, they agreed to leave the matter to referees, and so the match was formed. The names of the interesting pair we suppress for obvious reasons, but will give their initials. They are Jack Y.—and Jim C.—. So each selected their seconds. Jack McL. being chosen by Jack Y. Perhaps it would not be amiss here to state that Jack McL. is an old hand at the business, and is "up to a thing or two." During his pugilistic career he has had his "peepers" closed on more than one occasion by the "bucks" of the profession; and in an encounter with the immortal Heenan got his "knob" considerably "screwed" by a "diff" from Heenan's "left duke." Andy J. we know very little about, but from the manner in which he brought in his man we should not say he was a "green 'un." George W. being selected as bottle and purse holder, the preliminaries were all arranged with the exception of the ground for the "display." This was kept secret until the last moment, fears being entertained that Col. Turchin's military police might spoil the sport. Goose Island being whispered among the fancy, we took the hint and made for the ground. Here we found the ring pitched and everything ready for a *pick in*. The seconds tossed up for choice of ground, which was won by Jack McL. and both principals went to their corners to strip. Jack T. was first in the ring, leaping the ropes like a cat. A round of applause greeted his entrance. He appeared to be in excellent condition, though rather fleshy. He was not kept long waiting, however. Jim C. we noticed preferred coming into the ring under the ropes. We presumed he intended it for a joke to raise a laugh. He was warmly greeted, however, though the fancy did not see the point of the "goak." Being ready, "time" was called and both parties came up to the "scratch" for Round 1. Both men sparring beautifully. Jack feeling round for position but finding no chance for a "hit" rushed in, and both came to grass, ripping the seats of their trousers lamentably.

2. We looked anxiously on the men's faces for marks of the previous round, but could discover nothing but a dirt spot. Jim reached for Jack's "nob" with his left, but fell short; Jack threw in his left by way of acknowledgement and raised Jim's "peeper." Jim prepared for a "bug" but was refused. Jack let out his left again and Jim went to grass, thus ending the round.

3. Jim's face showed symptoms of punishment, and both parties seemed considerably blown. Jim, however, bore up wonderfully. Jack made a "dive" at Jim's "potato-trap" which Jim warded off with his head instead of his arm in a manner most beautiful to behold. The concussion was greater, we presume, from the fact of the striking occurring on his tenderest spot. Jim made a "rush in" and succeeded in getting Jack's "knowledge box" in "chancery." His advantage, however, was brief, Jack knocking his "pins" from under him, and sending him to grass the second time, besides hurting him severely.

4. Jim appeared at the "scratch," but it was plain to all he was a "used up" individual. He, however, still showed "game." Several "counters" were exchanged; give and take appeared to be Jim's motto, while Jack played more cautious—a characteristic of his throughout the game. Jim made a rush and would not be denied, so both embraced and both went to mother earth, Jack straddling Jim. Here a cry of "foul" was raised and the crowd rushing in "ye reporter" rushed out, being afraid of the "perilce."—*Zouave Gazette.*

MILLION WISE AND BILLION FOOLISH.—We have recently received some useful lessons in the art of government. Our people have generally looked on disapprovingly whenever Congress has made appropriations for objects of remote or merely probable utility. But recent events have shown that very costly measures may be very strict economy. For example—it cost the government a large sum to send Gen. McClellan and two other officers to the Crimea to study the art of war. But Gen. McClellan has since used the information thus obtained in a way that may result in saving the country. The Coast Survey is another example. The Coast Survey nearly cost seven millions, but during the last three months it has simply repaid its entire cost—as every naval officer well knows. The government has probably spent half a million dollars during the last five years in experimenting upon fire-arms—money now seen by everybody to have been well spent. For fifty years there have been politicians bent on the destruction of the Military Academy at West Point. Recent events, however, have demonstrated the absolute necessity of such institutions. Recent events have shown that the volunteer system has every requisite excepting only what military academies can alone supply—trained officers. There was a good deal of clamor in consequence of the building of Fortress Monroe. Who would sell it now for ten times its cost? In short, economy is a good thing, but it is often the truest economy to spend freely for an object of remote advantage. Ten millions quietly spent in time of peace may save five hundred millions when war comes.

PURCHASE OF A PAIR OF SHOES AT NASHVILLE.—A writer in the Nashville (Tenn.) *Patriot* gives his experience in attempting to purchase a pair of sewed boots in that city, in the following words:—"The owner of the shop took down from the shop a pair of stitch-downs. I tried them on. I must do them the justice to say that they fitted me as handsomely as if my foot had been melted and poured into them. I determined to buy them, cost what they might. 'I'll take these,' said I, stamping my foot violently on the floor, and taking a ten dollar bill from my vest pocket. 'Take your pay out of that,' said I, handing him the costly shipplaster. I really believe that the individual who stood before me at that moment was the most thoroughly astonished bootmaker that I ever saw. He looked first at the money and then at me, turning alternately pale and red, while his eyeballs protruded from their sockets as if they were being shoved out by some hydraulic pressure within. At last, just as I was about to cry 'fire,' or run for a doctor, or something of the sort, he spoke. 'You are from the country, ain't you?' I answered that I was. 'I thought so,' said he; 'them boots is eighteen dollars!' I didn't say another word. I sat down and pulled off 'them boots' more in sorrow than in anger, drew on my own, and walked out of the shop. The proprietor of the shop must have mistaken me for the Prince of Wales or the owner of the State Bank. Eighteen dollars for a pair of boots! I earnestly trust that posterity will not think me too particular about trifles, but I can't pay such prices."

SCOTCH AND IRISH OFFICERS.—As two military officers, of the sister country of Ireland and Scotland, were passing along Piccadilly, their attention was arrested by a pretty girl at work with her needle, behind the counter of a *Magasin des Modes*. The Irishman instantly proposed to go into the shop, and purchase some trifle, by way of excuse for obtaining a nearer inspection of the fair damsel. "Hoot awa' mon," said the equally curious, but more economical, Scot—"there's nae occasion to throw awa' siller; let's gang in, and ask change o'twa sarpences for a shilling."

THE STORMY PETREL.—This bird possesses a singular amount of oil, and has the power of throwing it from the mouth when terrified. It is said that this oil, which is very pure, is collected largely in St. Kilda by catching the bird on its egg, where it sits very closely, and making it discharge the oil into a vessel. The bird is then released and another taken. The inhabitants of the Faroe Islands make a curious use of this bird when young and very fat, by simply drawing a wick through the body, and lighting it at the end which projects through the back. This unique lamp will burn for a considerable period.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. WASHINGTON.—During the American Revolution, it is said, the commander of a little garrison was giving orders to those under him, relative to a log of timber which they were endeavoring to raise up to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in regular vociferations of "Heave away! there she goes! heave ho! heave!"

An officer, not in the military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid.

The latter, astonished, turned round with all the pomp of an Emperor, and said:—"Sir, I am a Corporal!"

"You are, are you?" replied the officer, "I was not aware of that;" and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said:—"I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal;" and then dismounted and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead.

When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said:—"Mr. Corporal, when you have another such a job, and have not men sufficient, send for your Commander-in-Chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The corporal was thunderstruck. It was Washington who thus addressed him.

HOW TO SPOT A TRAITOR.—The man who smuggles guns and ammunition across the Potomac into Virginia, is a traitor.

The small but loquacious man who continually prates about "coercion" and "subjugation," is a traitor.

The man who says he is a "Union man," but cries "peace" even to the surrender of the Government to Jeff. Davis, is a traitor.

The man who shows a painful sense of the horrors of war when the rebels are shot down, and chuckles inwardly when the defenders of the Union are killed, is a traitor.

A man who shows a morbid sensitiveness to the peril of the Constitution, but a lively interest in "Southern States' Rights," is most surely a traitor.

SINGULAR WAGER.—A young woman had laid a wager that she would descend into a vault, in the middle of the night, and bring from thence a skull. The person who took the wager had previously hid himself in the vault, and as the girl seized a skull, cried, in a hollow voice, "Leave me my head!" "There it is," said the girl, throwing it down, and catching up another. "Leave me my head!" said the same voice. "Nay, nay," said the heroic lass, "you cannot have two heads;" so brought away the skull, and won the wager.

VELOCITY OF BALLOONS.—The velocity of 80 miles per hour is that by which the aeronaut Garnerin was carried in his balloon from Ranelagh to Colchester, in June, 1802. It was a strong and boisterous wind, but did not assume the character of a hurricane, although a wind with that velocity is so characterized by Rance's table. In Mr. Green's aerial voyage from Leeds in September, 1823, he traveled 43 miles in 18 minutes, although his balloon rose to the height of more than 4000 yards.

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